Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIX. No. 43 MONTREAL, OCTOBER 21, 1904. 40 Cts. ... Post-Paid

Wm Bronscombe 30.05

Out of the Heart of the Earth

(C. J. Hamilton, in the 'People's Own Paper.')

Oh, William, do let me ride Dobbin! I want to so much. You know I'm going to work at the pit next week—father says I must. I shan't have a chance of riding Dobbin again.'

'No, no, Grant, my lad. You'd just let old Dobbin fall, and break his knees, and there'd be a nice look-out for me. What should I say to master then? He's wonderful fond of that horse, he is!'

'I'm fond of him, too,' said Grant, as he stood by the big brown horse, stroking the rough mane that hung over his patient eyes. 'And you'll never, never, let me even get on his back!'

'Well, never's a long word. Mayhap, if 'twas to save your life I might; not unless. Now, run away with you, 'tis getten dark, and I've my cows to milk afore supper.'

The two speakers were William Berryman, Farmer Candy's head man, and Grant Milward, a lad of fifteen, who lived in one of the thatched cottages that stood in a row just above the village of Chilcompton. Grant was a motherless boy. His father, who was a coal miner, had married a second time, and there was a family of seven little ones to bring up on eighteen shillings a week.

Grant's stepmother was a little woman with a very sharp tongue. On Saturdays and on washing days she scolded so much that Grant was glad to run away in the evenings, and take refuge at the farm with his friend William Berryman.

William was a tall, long-backed man, who talked very slowly and deliberately. He had the kindest heart in the world, and he was very good to poor, lonely Grant, and let him help to feed the pigs and litter down the horses, often giving him a rosy-cheeked apple or a silver sixpence for his trouble. And this was how the lad grew to love Dobbin, and to long to ride him. But he knew that minding pigs and horses was not the work that his father meant for him.

'Grant'll have to work at the pits,' said John Milward; and his little wife nodded her head, and said, 'Yes, yes; the sooner the better. He ought to have been earnin' his crust long ago, like the other boys down street.'

'He's a weakly chap,' said John. 'His mother wasn't to say a strong woman, and he takes after her.'

'He's strong enough,' was the answer.

It was quite true that all the other boys in the village began to work at eleven or twelve. They were better paid at the pits than for farm labor, and they got to like it better.

Grant was sound asleep the first morning that his father called him to get up and go to work with him. It was between one and two, and very, very dark. The feeble little twinkle that came from the candles in their caps only made it seem darker. As they passed the farm Grant glanced at Dobbin's stable. All was silent there, everything—birds and flowers—seemed asleep. How well he knew the way to the coal pit!—up a hill with heaps of rubble and coal dust on each side, and the fiery red eyes of the engines.

IT WAS LIKE BEING IN A NEW WORLD.

A gang of men was waiting to take the next turn.

John Milward and Grant joined them, and in a few minutes they were all clinging like bees to the great thick rope that swung to and fro as the living burden was carried down below into the heart of the earth. What a wonderful black underground world they found there!—full of men, all as busy as possible, hacking coal with pickaxes, filling trucks, which had to be pushed away and emptied again to fill the big black buckets that were drawn up every quarter of an hour.

Grant's work was to help to fill the trucks. He found it pretty easy at first, but by the time he left off, at one o'clock, his arms were stiff, and his head reeled. How strange to find bright daylight above-ground! But he must go to bed, so as to be ready to start again next morning when the stars were shining. After he had been two years at the pits he got quite expert at filling coal-trucks, and was able to earn nine shillings a week.

Just in the coldest part of January Grant was working with a gang of men in a far corner of the pit, when suddenly there was a hollow thud, like a clap of thunder.

'What's that?' asked Grant of his father, who was working next him.

'Keep still, lad,' answered John, but his face grew white as he spoke. 'I guess what 'tis; we are shut in. The coal up above's fallen in; the passage is blocked!'

'And we can't get out!'

'That's about it.' The men clustered round the opening. There, sure enough, was an enormous block of coal, which had fallen right across the entrance. They looked at one another.

'Whatever are we to do?' went up with one great cry.

'Nothing! Just wait till the others come.'

'But it may be days before they get to us.'

'We can't help that. Let's see what we have to keep us alive.'

About two ounces of tobacco, a large chunk of bread, a small piece of cheese, three rosy apples, and a stick of chocolate from Grant's

pocket. There were seven to share the eatables, which were divided into equal portions, and dealt out to each one.

A tall, grey-haired miner read a few words from his Bible, and prayed to God to save and deliver them, even as he had delivered his people, the Jews, when they were fastbound in misery and iron. 'Deliver us, O our God!' he cried, as the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks, 'and save us, for thy Son's sake, for we have no hope but in thy mercy!'

Two days and a night went by. The men in the mine watched and waited and prayed and hoped. Their lights went out, their courage almost failed; they heard the sound of pickaxes outside, but how long it might be before their comrades could get to them! Two of the men sank down and died from exhaustion and hunger. It seemed as though Grant would be the next; he was gasping for air, his breath came quick and short. Then suddenly a faint little flicker was seen, not bigger than a man's hand. The men knew deliverance was at hand. They rushed to the spot; they kneeled down and thanked God, who had not turned away his face from their cries, but had heard and delivered them in their trouble!

'Here's old Dobbin, lad!' cried William Berryman, as Grant was carried out of the living tomb and laid at the pit's mouth. 'I'll lift thee up on him, and thou shalt have thy ride at last.'

A faint smile came over Grant's face. He felt the fresh air on his face. It was like being in a new world, come out of death into life! Why, here he was riding down from the pit, with William's strong, kind arms round him! And his father was safe, too! He could hear the church bells ringing, and a voice sang in his ears: 'This thy son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.'

The Juniors Alone.

It was a rainy Sunday afternoon; not a common, every-day rain, either, but a hard storm, with thunder and lightning. The time came for the Junior meeting, and, in spite of the storm, fifteen Juniors had gathered in the Endeavor room of Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church. The big clock on the wall ticked away, till five minutes of the hour for meeting had gone, and no superintendent came. Both superintendents had been unavoidably detained in another portion of the city, where they had been helping with the music at another meeting.

At last the Juniors decided they could not wait any longer, so the little president, a boy of twelve, took the chair, and called the meeting to order; another little boy of twelve offered his services as pianist, and then what a fine time they had singing! One little fellow said to the superintendent afterwards, 'We sang almost through the book.'

The pastor lives next door to the church, and, hearing such lusty singing on this stormy afternoon, he thought he would peep in on the Juniors and have a part in that bright meeting. Just as he reached the church door, there was a pause in the music, a solemn, quiet hush had fallen on that little band of fifteen, then a little voice broke the stillness, lifted in earnest prayer. One prayer after another followed, and in nearly every one there was an earnest petition for the wife of that dear pastor, who was lying so sick. There is no need to say how that pastor felt, as he stood at the door, unseen by the Juniors, and lifted his heart with theirs. He had never loved them quite so much before.

At the close of the prayer he entered the room, and sat in the midst of the little band. The meeting went on after many bright smiles of welcome had been exchanged. Nobody was abashed at the presence of the minister; he was one of them. Other hymns were sung, Scripture verses recited, and then the little president, with a great deal of dignity, invited the pastor to make them a little talk, and pray with them. Of course he gladly consented, and never had pastor and Juniors felt so close to one another as on that rainy Sunday afternoon.

After his talk and prayer they sang another hymn, and then with bowed heads and softened voices together they said their beautiful Mizpah benediction, and quietly passed out into the beautiful summer sunlight, for lo! the rain was over and gone, and the sun was shining.

When the superintendents heard of this successful meeting their hearts were made glad, for they felt that their Juniors could be all 'counted on.'—May M. Holderby, in the 'C.E. World.'

The Story of Ezekiel.

Lucy Elliot Keeler tells in the 'Congregationalist,' how she studied the Book of Ezekiel.

I read the fifty chapters through at one sitting, rapidly, for the story and the general effect. What did it all mean? I asked myself. Why those anvil strokes of 'Son of Man, Son of Man'; 'appease my fury, appease my fury.' Fury? God's? Why was Ezekiel forbidden to shed one tear for the dear wife who was suddenly taken from him? Why the detailing of most revolting situations? What dirges! what wheels within wheels, and omniscient eyes! and what a hush over my heart with those last four words! I could hardly wait for a new day to open that I might begin again upon this strange story.

At the second reading I counted the phrases, 'Son of Man.' There were ninety. I made notes of the chronology. I perceived that the beautiful description of Tyre, under the symbol of a gallant ship moored in the seas, was literal history, perhaps the most remarkable description of Tyre's glory extant.

All this was a mere beginning. Sitting up with a friend waiting for a belated train, I proposed to read Ezekiel aloud to her, and her comments elicited fresh wonders from the text. I began mentioning Ezekiel in talk and in letters. Some one sent back a 'Traveller's text,' which after all my perusal of Ezekiel had hitherto escaped my notice. Picked out so from its lurid setting, and handed me by a friend, the verse became a treasured possession, catching trains with me, and walking strange streets, and settling many a question of holiday procedure: 'Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in all the countries where I shall come.'

More than one correspondent wrote back that she had asked her minister to preach a sermon on Ezekiel; one was reading the book in German; another called my attention to the artists who had portrayed Ezekiel, notably Raphael and Sargent; and the poets who, like Whittier, had sought to bring him into human relationship.

'To drink we may refer almost all the crimes by which this country is disgraced. Drink has wrecked more homes than ever fell beneath the crowbar brigade in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and has made more widows and orphans than did the famine, and it has broken more hearts and blighted more hopes and rent asunder family ties more recklessly than the enforced exile of emigrants.'—Joint pastoral letter from the Catholic bishops of Ireland.

Gems of the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.

'A crowd is an opportunity. Crowds ought never to appal the saint, but ought rather to appeal to the saint.'

'Every time I take up one of these modern books that is going to save men, by the evolution of the human mind, I want to put the writer and his book down in the slums, and bid him prove it.'

'God is not going to work a miracle to make up for the Church's laziness.'

'The kind of a man God can't work with is a coward.'

'God wins great fights with small bands.'

'The Church is beginning to believe that God can save a man in the summer.'

'The man who is trembling himself can never make another tremble. It is the man who is unafraid who makes the other man afraid.'

'A fearful man creates a panic. Fear is contagious.'

'We want the strenuous life, not merely in business and politics, but in the Church.'

'God can only work with courageous and consecrated persons.'

'It is a sin to shut a church in the summer.'

'Any service that has no suffering in it is barren.'

'Oh, the soft dilettantism! It is so awfully cheap to hang a picture of the cross in your room, or to wear the cross round your neck. We do not want to possess mere sentiment. The cross waits for you this summer in the slums of your city, in the homes of the poor and outcast.'

'If the Church will suffer with the Son, you can shake the city to its foundations in one year—but never till you are ready to suffer. —Selected.

What is That to Thee?

Peter, seeing him, saith unto Jesus, 'Lord, and what shall this man do?' Jesus saith unto him, 'if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.'—St. John xxi., 21, 22.

'Lord, and what shall this man do?'
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end,
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of Him more than this,
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed at his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate.

Whether in his lonely course
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stray,
Or with love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way;
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love for Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Grant us, Lord, Thy sure relief;
Patient hearts their pain to see,
And thy grace, to follow Thee.
—Keble.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Diplomatic Mission.

(Sophie Swett, in 'The Interior.')

'If it doesn't beat all!' exclaimed Mrs. Tackaberry as her daughter Olive came along the trim garden path between the rows of dahlias. 'Your Aunt Caddy has written for the first time in six years, and she wants you to make them a visit!' Mrs. Tackaberry rocked so vigorously from excitement that the whole porch creaked beneath her ample person. 'She says she's afraid that she's coming down with nervous prostration and it will be so hard for her sister Robena. They can't either of them put up with hired help, she says. It sounds as if they wanted you instead of a hired girl. You shan't stir a step!' Mrs. Tackaberry rocked still more vigorously, and all the boards creaked.

Olive sat down upon the upper step and took the letter from her mother's hand.

'They were always hard to get along with, and I'll warrant you they haven't grown any less so—old maids living alone,' continued Mrs. Tackaberry, with the candor that was her characteristic. 'Curious—your father wa'n't a mite so. He could always get along with all folks. They used to send for him to settle disputes.'

'She seems to be in trouble, poor Aunt Caddy,' said Olive, slowly reading the cramped old-fashioned writing, while a sympathetic pucker appeared upon her smooth brow. 'She says she's being worried into nervous prostration, but nobody is to blame. "Robena is a Treat, and she can't help being a Treat,"' read Olive wonderingly. 'Do you suppose that she and Aunt Robena don't get along together?'

'I shouldn't wonder a mite, though they never said a word,' answered Mrs. Tackaberry reflectively. 'The Treats and the Tackaberrys both had their peculiarities, and such things are not apt to lessen as people get on into years.'

Olive meditated, using the letter to ward off a belated bee hovering about the hop vine.

'You've always said that I had father's knack at getting along with people,' she said at length. 'And they really seem to need help. There are still nearly two weeks before school begins,' (Olive taught in the Milford Academy, and it was now close upon September). 'Perhaps a little diplomacy would set things right. And, then, I can't help thinking how father would have felt about it, too.'

'I expect he would have wanted you to go,' said Mrs. Tackaberry, reflectively. 'He thought a good deal of his sisters—though he felt as if they ought to be more forgiving to poor little Leander, who ran away to sea.'

'Little Leander who is coming here with his wife and baby next month,' laughed Olive. 'Perhaps I can effect a reconciliation between them and Leander,' she added with sudden eagerness.

'I wouldn't expect any story-book happenings if I were you,' said Mrs. Tackaberry with the calm superiority of experience. 'Caddy and Robena are the kind that brood over all things till they see them all out of kilter. But I expect you'd better go, come to think of it. A change may do you good.' She looked anxiously at her daughter as she spoke, and Olive flushed suddenly.

'Im perfectly well and am not in need of any change,' she said quickly, 'I'm going because I think a diplomatic mission is really in my line.'

It was vexatious that her mother would constantly allude to the breaking of her engagement with Frank Thurston as if it were a trouble. Of course she wasn't going to marry Frank when he insisted upon living in that lonesome old homestead of his, a mile from the village, instead of buying Dr. Harsy's pretty new house on the main street. He wanted her to wait until they were better off; he let both his economical scruples and his attachment to the old place come before her feelings, and of course no girl of any real spirit would stand that.

She desired it to be perfectly understood that she wasn't going away because she needed a change on account of any lowness of spirits. But when she had made sure that there's wasn't a soul from Milford on the Hebron train she cried softly behind her veil, and did not really nerve herself for diplomatic duty until she walked between the geometrical, box-bordered flower-beds to her own aunts' door.

After she had thumped three times, with ever-increasing determination, at the brass knocker, Aunt Robena appeared, looking suspiciously out at the smallest possible aperture. She looked worn and worried and there were red rims around her near-sighted eyes.

'Did Caddy write?' she exclaimed as she drew Olive into the house and kissed her affectionately. 'I didn't think she could bring her mind to it; she hates anything upsetting, you know—poor Caddy!'

'Is she very ill?' asked Olive solicitously.

'Not a mite!' answered Miss Robena promptly. 'Only upset because I moved things 'round in the sitting room! Oh, if I haven't had a trial! Nobody knows! Of course I shouldn't speak right out if it wasn't to a relation.' Miss Robena had led the way to the sitting-room and she sank despairingly into a rocking chair.

'Now, doesn't this room look a sight better?' she demanded, sitting suddenly upright and taking in her surroundings with a sweeping glance. Olive had not seen the room since she was thirteen—six years before—and she was not prepared to commit herself to an opinion. 'The old secretary was between the windows. It had been there ever since I was a little girl, and I'm past fifty!' Miss Robena went on as when a long pent torrent bursts forth. 'Wouldn't you have got tired of seeing it in just that place? I thought I should die! And there was that discolored paper in the paper that it would cover, right there in the niche where it is now. That paper has been just so for twelve years. It—is, was Leander who left his window open—the chamber above, you know—in a terrible shower.' Miss Robena had not mentioned for ten years the name of the boy who had ran away to sea, but she was quite carried out of herself now. 'The wreath made of Aunt Lucy's hair hung there, and Caddy wouldn't have it changed. Of course it didn't cover that black and yellow and mouldy place at all! I've thought I should sink through the floor when people looked at it. And I'll own I always was one to like to change things 'round. You'd think it was a crime, to hear Caddy talk! She says, what a place for the parlor organ between the windows, where people can see us playing on it, when we never touch it except Sunday evenings when the shades are all drawn! And she says that having the light-stand moved away from that place under the hair wreath makes her feel just as if somebody was dead and gone! Isn't it ridiculous?' Miss Robena paused in the breathless recital of her woes and looked with anxious appeal at her niece.

'They seem small things to care so much about,' faltered Olive uncertainly.

'Up in our own room it's worse!' Miss Robena began again, reinforced by sympathy. 'She gets hysterical if I don't hang my best dress on the same nail just in the closet. I hung it on her nail just to see how it would seem. I broke loose all at once. I don't know why it was. We were going to have the Dorcas Club here, and although every woman in it has seen that place in the paper over and over again, I somehow felt as if I ought to assert myself and have things different. I felt as if it wasn't proper self-respect to give in any longer! So now she says she's got nervous prostration, and she's been and sent for you. And I feel as wicked as can be, and yet I'm not going to give in! I don't know as I could, now I've really broken loose! I feel wild and reckless. I've moved the dining-room clock from the mantelpiece over on to the corner bracket! That was since Caddy took to her bed.'

A faint smile, like wintry sunshine, struggled through the gloom of Miss Robena's face.

'What would you do?' she demanded piteously, scenting sympathy in Olive's unrestrained mirth.

'It—it's hard,' said Olive, instantly becoming serious as became a diplomat. 'I suppose that when people haven't—haven't large interests, and lead rather monotonous lives, they are apt to exaggerate trifles,' she said hesitatingly.

'Trifles! I don't see how you can call it a trifle!' said Miss Robena in an injured tone. 'But perhaps I might have gone on bearing with Caddy if it had not been for having the Dorcas Club here for afternoon tea. But there! you must go right up and see her. She will know you are here, her ears are so very sharp, and she'll suspect that I've been talking about her. It makes me ashamed, it do seem so disloyal. But, oh, dear, I have borne so long with Caddy!'

In the great front chamber Miss Caddy lay, a fragile heap upon the ample pillows. Miss Roberna turned away with a little switch of her skirts and left Olive alone with her. Miss Caddy extended a worn blue-veined hand and pressed Olive affectionately.

'I had to send for you!' she said in a feeble voice. 'I've broken down, and it seemed as if there must be somebody that's a relation to look after Robena. She's so strange and flighty! It almost seems as if something had flown to her head! She's whisking things 'round out of their places—the places where her father and mother set them and where they've always stood!' Miss Caddy's voice trembled with emotion. She suddenly raised herself upon her elbow and spoke with shrill insistence. 'Do you think there is any need of moving things out of the places where they belong? Don't it appear to you to be kind of crazy?'

'I wouldn't think about it, now that you are ill, Aunt Caddy,' said Olive soothingly.

'I've had enough to make me sick!' There came a sudden gush of tears from her pathetic blue eyes. 'I've borne so long with Robena! I want you should tell her that it's killing me to have all the things whisked around so!'

Olive leaned back in the chintz armchair, and in spite of herself a little sigh escaped her lips. Diplomacy began to seem so difficult.

'You want a cup of tea!' exclaimed Miss Caddy. 'I ought to have waited till you had a cup of tea, but it's only in the family that you can speak of such a thing, and—and she

says that it's to cover up the place where little Leander let the rain come in—'

'Little Leander! he's coming to visit us with his wife and baby next month,' Olive interrupted taking heart of grace suddenly, or, perhaps desperate with perplexity.

Miss Caddy had laid back upon her pillows, but now she sat bolt upright. 'Leander in Milford! at your house!' she said huskily.

'Father meant to tell you—I thought he did the last time he was here—that Leander had married a Milford girl, a niece of the captain with whom he sailed first,' said Olive hastily.

'We told your father, Robena and I, that Leander was dead to us and we didn't care to hear anything about him—after the way he had treated us,' said Miss Caddy with an effort; 'but—but I don't know as it's any harm for me to hope that he's been brought to a better mind and has got a good wife—though I don't expect that Robena would let me mention his name! Olive—' Miss Caddy leaned forward suddenly and spoke in a husky whisper—'does the baby take after our folks any?'

'It's the dearest little girl! I went to see them last spring in New York—mother says she looks just like your mother,' said Olive.

'Oh, wouldn't I like to see her,' gasped Miss Caddy, lying back upon her pillows. 'But Robena would never let me. Ah, if I haven't had a time with Robena! But there she is calling you! Run and get your tea and come back again as soon as you can. If I didn't almost forget! Such a sight of trouble makes folks selfish—you're going to be married, ain't you?'

Olive turned a painfully flushed face towards her from the doorway.

'No, I'm not going to be married,' she said.

'Why, for the land's sake!' exclaimed Miss Caddy, 'we heard—' But Olive had gone to the dining-room.

'I expect Caddy told you that I was driving her crazy,' said Miss Robena, tentatively, while they sipped their tea.

'I have been wondering why you and Aunt Caddy don't have separate rooms,' said the diplomatist reflectively. 'It is nice to hang your things on just what hooks you like!'

Miss Robena dropped back in her chair and gasped for breath.

'We've always had the same room. I never dared to think of such a thing!' she said, in a thrilling whisper. 'Besides, there is no other room that I could have. There's mother's room that we could not bear to use, and the spare room—we must have a spare room, of course—and little Leander's that we never have opened.'

'I should take that if I were you,' said Olive boldly. 'It isn't as if he were dead. Just invite him here with his wife and baby and you'll get all over that feeling!'

Miss Robena arose and shut the dining-room door. 'If Caddy should hear you I expect she would faint away!' she said. 'But when Hepzibah Driver comes for the fall cleaning I'm going to have that room cleaned and take it for my own. I've gone so far, now, that I may as well go a little farther, though I do feel a terribly reckless and wicked woman. It fairly makes me feel light-headed to think of having a room where I could put things where I liked and move them every day if I wanted to! You don't think it would kill Caddy, do you?' she leaned towards Olive and spoke with tremulous earnestness. 'I say there's nothing the matter with her, but, after all, I'm a little afraid! Caddy is so sensitive.'

A cry, sharp and insistent, came suddenly to their ears before Olive could think of a diplomatic answer—a cry of distress.

'She is dying! Oh, Caddy, Caddy, and I have killed her!' cried Miss Robena, as they rushed upstairs.

Miss Caddy was sitting up in bed trembling violently.

'I don't know what's the matter, the coldness and the trembling came so suddenly,' she gasped. 'I expect I'm dying, and it's a judgment on me—for Robena, sister dear, I wa'n't hardly a mite sick when I went to bed, yesterday! I thought you would be scared and put the things back. I expect I haven't treated you right, Robena. I've been so set—'

'You had a right to have the things as they had always been if you felt so about it, and 'twas mean and selfish in me to insist!' cried Miss Robena with penitent tears. 'I've worried you into a fit of sickness and I shall never forgive myself!'

Olive flew for the doctor. He said that Miss Caddy had a nervous chill, she was in danger of having nervous fever, but with great care that might be averted. Miss Robena tearfully set about restoring the secretary and the parlor organ to their old places. Miss Caddy heard her and sent Olive to remonstrate.

'Tell her if she don't want to kill me to let them be!' she cried. 'I've got a realizing sense of how mean and selfish I've been. She's young' (Miss Robena was fifty, and her sister fifty-six), 'and she ought to have a chance to be a little frivolous if she wants to!'

Olive called to Miss Robena to come upstairs.

'I've thought of a compromise,' she said. 'We have some paper in our attic that is exactly like that on the sitting-room wall. Leander's room was father's once, you know, and he remembered the paper, and when he saw some like it, he bought it for our guest chamber. There were two or three rolls left—full enough to paper the discolored place. Then, Aunt Robena, you won't be mortified if there isn't anything to cover it but Aunt Lucy's hair wreath—and Aunt Caddy won't feel as if you were.'

Miss Robena said that it did seem as if it were a real providence that Olive had some paper like it. She never had been to Portsmouth since she could remember without looking for it at all the paper hangers'. And Miss Caddy wept feebly and said that it was more than she deserved, but if Robena could be happy so, she should die happier knowing that the old secretary stood between the windows just where it had stood when she was a girl.

Robena cried and clung to her when she talked of dying. She said hard things didn't matter anyway when people loved each other. She wondered how she could ever have been so foolish as to think they did.

'If the Lord would only spare us to live together, Caddy, I'll never move another thing 'round! never in this living world!' she cried, chokingly.

'Yes, you shall!' cried Miss Caddy firmly. 'And you shall have the dining-room clock over on the bracket! How did I know it? Lizy Forbush told me you'd moved it, when she came over to see me this morning. And I said to myself that I would never get up off this bed till you had moved it back again. I was as wicked as that, and now the Lord has punished me with these terrible feelings! I want you should leave it on the bracket, Robena!'

'It's just a little bit of a thing, Aunt Robena,' Olive interposed soothingly. 'Small differences ought not to count when people have a real affection for each other. And, Aunt Caddy, you must make haste to get well and have Leander and his wife and baby visit you, for I know Aunt Robena wants them!'

The two elderly women looked in each other's faces and laughed a little and cried a little, both at once.

'He was only sixteen, I've been wondering that you couldn't forgive him, Robena!' murmured Caddy.

'Why, I did, long ago! I thought you were too—too set,' faltered Robena.

'I have been a terribly set old woman,' said Caddy penitently. 'But I shall never be again. Only—I will live long enough to see little Leander and his wife and baby! It's such a ridiculous thing that he's got a wife and baby!' and Miss Caddy smiled into her sister's face.

'Olive, I'm glad you came!' said Miss Robena. 'Now we must go away and let dear Caddy get calm.'

'No, not yet—not yet!' interposed Miss Caddy, anxiously. 'I want to know about Olive. I've been so selfish not to think of Olive. She says she is not going to marry Frank Thurston, as her mother wrote—'

'I broke the engagement, that's all,' said Olive, nervously, handling the knob of the door. 'Frank wouldn't give in about living in his old house away out of the village and—and—'

'You let such a little thing as that come between you?' gasped Miss Caddy from her pillows.

'Such a little mite of a thing!' echoed Miss Robena. 'I don't see how you could! Of course there wasn't any real affection between you.'

'Yes, there was,' faltered Olive. And then she firmly strangled a sob in her throat. 'I've been taught better here, I'm going straight home to make up with Frank!'

Miss Caddy sat upright in her bed as Olive fled. 'Now what can she mean, sister, by saying she has been taught better here?' she said. 'We never should have had a difference about any little thing.'

Miss Huber's Dessert.

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

'How did you like the address, Miss Huber?' asked the lodger from the back bedroom upstairs, pausing in the sitting-room to warm her feet before going to bed.

'Fairly well,' answered the young lady from the front room with a yawn. 'I thought he would never get through, though.'

'Didn't it just thrill you with a desire to do something?' went on Miss Stokes, eagerly. 'I think Dr. Clark is grand, and I could have listened for hours longer.'

'No, he didn't thrill me a bit. If I had plenty of money I'd want to help the poor, but as long as I have to work hard for my living I think charity begins at home.'

'Yes, but rich people are often careless and no one can help the poor as well as those who know what poverty is. Still, I wouldn't call you poor with your fine place in the office at a good salary.'

Miss Huber looked complacently down at her thin cheeks, silenced but not convinced. white fingers. 'I don't call $40 a month riches. I wouldn't stay in this stuffy boarding-house very long if I didn't have to. As to helping poor people, it's their own fault they are poor ninety-nine times out of a hundred, and it just encourages pauperism to give them aid.' With this sweeping statement she rustled away to her comfortable room, leaving little Miss Stokes with very pink spots on her thin cheeks. silence but not convinced.

'That's a beautiful new waist you are wearing, Miss Huber,' said Miss Stokes as they met at the supper table a few evenings later. 'Have you any pieces of the goods left? Jennie Baker in the little white house down the street is making a silk cushion, but somehow the patches are slow coming in. I always like to take her any I get, for she is so pleased with them.'

'It's just like poor people to want to be making things they have no use for. They want to do embroidery when they ought to be patching,' thought Miss Huber. 'No, I always tell the dressmaker not to send the pieces, Miss Stokes. They would do me no good as I can't wear patched waists to the office. I might stop at the house and ask for the bits this time, for I pass it every day.'

'It would be lovely of you to do it and Jennie would appreciate having them. She has to sit in her chair all day because something is wrong with her spine and sewing helps to pass the long hours.

'I have a lot of ribbons and neckties that I meant to burn up to have them out of the way,' said Miss Huber, anxious to atone for her unkind thought about poor Jennie. 'I wonder if we could get some patches out of them.'

'Oh, Miss Huber, please don't ever throw away such things. I know dozens of people who would love to have them.'

'Come up to my room and I'll get them right away,' said Miss Huber, rising. From boxes and drawers she turned out a collection of soiled and rumpled finery that made Miss Stokes exclaim with pleasure. 'I just want to see Jennie's eyes when I put all these beautiful things in her lap,' she said, with her own eyes shining.

'I'm afraid she won't get many pieces she can use, for the whole pile looks very forlorn,' said Miss Huber, doubtfully. 'I'll ask the dressmaker for the silk pieces to-morrow.'

Miss Huber never knew that Miss Stokes cleaned and pressed and sorted the heap of neckwear and trimmings before giving it to the lame girl, but she did not know that ever thereafter a thin hand was waved at her from the window of the shabby white cottage as she passed and the poor girl smiled radiantly. One morning as she smiled back at the pale face a sudden thought struck her, 'I'll go without dessert to-day and get that poor child a big package of silk scraps at Madame Vende's. If she gets any pleasure out of the needlework she ought to have decent materials to work with. Why didn't I think of that before instead of sending her all that trash?'

So after a luncheon of hot broth, bread and butter and rosy apples, she started out to spend the money that was to have bought icecream, lady fingers and caramels for the most gorgeous silks and velvets madame could find in the parcels made up for sale. The lawyer for whom Miss Huber worked had very little typewriting for her that afternoon and she found herself wishing for 5.30 to come so that she might 'see Jennie's eyes' when the gay pieces were unrolled. It was her first experience in the joy of sacrificing for anyone and a soft light shone in her own eyes while a warm, tender feeling took possession of her heart.

'For me?' breathed the crippled girl softly fingering a pale, blue piece of silk sprinkled with forget-me-nots. 'It can't be true,' and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

'Don't cry,' begged Miss Huber with a sob in her voice. 'I'm a selfish, careless girl but I didn't know till lately how much you liked to sew.'

'No, you're not selfish. See! your patches were enough to finish my cushion and Mrs. Gregg will give me a dollar for it.' She displayed a bright square and Miss Huber praised it generously. 'I wouldn't think of taking a dollar for it. I know a lady who will give you twice as much, and it's worth every cent of it. The work on it is exquisite.'

'Do you really think so?' asked the pleased girl. 'It would be lovely for we need money very bad now.'

Miss Huber forgot all about encouraging pauperism as she planned that by eating plain lunches for two or three weeks she could save the necessary amount. 'Of course I think so. I have an old silk waist at home that was made when big sleeves were fashionable and we can get enough goods out of it to make the back of the cushion. I'll bring it down to-morrow though there is no hurry about finishing it for the lady may not want it right away.'

By the time the cushion occupied a corner of Miss Huber's couch and Jennie wept over the two shining dollars it brought, the two girls were fast friends. Miss Huber's headaches disappeared when the unhealthy desserts were cut off and the long walks began that were necessary to take patches and the other things to poor people, for she was not satisfied with supplying Jennie with materials for cushions, but longed for a wider field in which to work.

She often wondered why it had once seemed so disagreeable to help poor people, for it was so easy now. The tiny bouquet, the pretty scraps, the kind word, all costing so little time, and money, but giving so much joy. There was a spring in her step and a light in her eye that made her employer sigh dolefully, and predict that very soon he would lose her for he felt sure she must be in love, but he was only half right. Miss Huber was in love with doing the countless little things so common among well-to-do people, but so foreign to the poor, and their boundless love and admiration gave her step its elasticity and her face its love light.

'Why didn't you tell me how much pleasure there is in working for others, Miss Stokes?' inquired Miss Huber as they sat together before the latter's cheery fire. 'I used to think you very foolish to spend your spare time making flannel skirts and mittens for dirty little beggars, as I called them, but I know now you were happier than anyone in the house all the time.'

'I did try once in a while, but I never was a great hand at persuading folks. I asked you to go to hear Doctor Clark, you remember, and I thought he must make you want to work in the Lord's vineyard, but you said he didn't thrill you a bit.'

'Now, Miss Stokes, I think it is very unkind of you to recall my foolish speeches,' said Miss Huber, blushing prettily, 'but he really didn't thrill me. It was you who woke me up at last. Don't you know the Bible speaks of "living epistles known and read of all men," and that is just what you are, only it was a selfish, egotistical girl that read your message.'

'I!' said Miss Stokes in astonishment. 'You must be joking, Miss Huber.'

'Not a bit of it. I never was more serious in my life. You said no one ever could help the poor as well as those who were poor themselves, and I fully believe it. Jennie Baker is planning to help Mrs. Craft with her spring sewing because the poor woman has been sick and the children cannot go to school for lack of clothing. Isn't that very touching? I feel guilty whenever I think how often I passed the house without even speaking to Jennie before you roused me.'

'Jennie sings your praises continually and her prayers "rise a fountain for you night and day." And she isn't the only one. Your going without dessert every day has given many a happy hour to poor women.'

'That is my dessert,' said Miss Huber, softly. 'It is such a little thing to do, and I do enjoy it so muuh.'

* * * * * * * *

'Here is the medicine for Mrs. Graves. I thought I'd bring it along for I have a little business with you anyway,' said Dr. French to the attorney in whose office Miss Huber worked. 'Have you discharged your stenographer or did her health fail? She used to come to me for indigestion time and again, but I haven't seen her lately.'

'She just went down to the bank for me. You must be thinking of somebody else, doctor, for she is the picture of health. I've been afraid of losing her for some time, because she has such a happy look on her face that makes me tremble for fear some young man has persuaded her to abandon office work, but she never says a word on the subject.'

'No, I'm not mistaken. It's Miss Huber I'm thinking of, but she had a poor complexion and washed out look when I prescribed for her. I'll tell you what makes the light in her eyes and gives her a healthy appearance. She has taken my advice and eats only sensible food. I told her to cut off dessert from her daily luncheon and take hot, nourishing food and ripe fruit. It's astonishing. Graves, what working girls eat! I'd be dead in a month and so would you on a diet of pickles, candy and the trash they consume, but they drag along and wonder why they are afflicted with all sorts of aches and ails.'

'Well, I'm glad to accept your version, for I am in no haste to lose Miss Huber, and only hope it may be correct,' laughed the lawyer as they took up the subject Dr. French had called to consult him about. 'If you have time to wait a few minutes she will be back, and you can take a professional look to see if you don't take too much credit to yourself.'

'I'm sure I am right,' said the doctor, who firmly believed half the crime in the world comes from improper eating. 'Why, Graves, the jails would be empty in six months if people only knew how to cook.'

And so little Miss Stokes, working away in her narrow sphere, lost all credit for her share in Miss Huber's improved health and her newfound happiness. Perhaps she did, with the two men discussing Miss Huber in the lawyer's office, but it would have made little difference to her had she known it. Miss Huber's good deeds filled the heart of the cheerful seamstress with joy and added one jewel to her crown that shall sparkle forever and ever.

Job Wedburn's Faith.

'Do come, grandfather; just to please me!'

'Well, well, my dear; I suppose I must say "yes" at last! But mind, I am only going to please you!'

'Wouldn't you go to please God, grandfather!'

'Not I! He hasn't gone out his way to please me! Wife, children, all gone one after the other; not a soul belonging to me left but you, though I will say you're a treasure, my dear!'

Janet smiled, but the smile ended with a sigh. 'Oh, grandad, how I wish you could look at things differently! You are not really hard and bitter, you know; you're the best and dearest grandad any girl could have, but I wish——'

'Well, what is it you wish so very much?'

'I wish you would stop thinking so sadly about mother and all those whom God has taken to himself. We have not lost them; we shall meet them again. God took them in love, not in cruelty.'

'Ah, well! it's a long time since I thought of him in that way. But just see if my tie is on straight, and off we'll go, since you do wish it so much.'

And so they started. Job Wedburn had not been to church for a long time until that Easter morning. Ten years previously he had lost his wife and children within a short time of each other through an outbreak of typhoid fever. He was a religious man, and when they were stricken down he had prayed to God to spare their lives.

But his prayer had not been answered in the way he desired. One by one they passed away from him, until only little Janet, his daughter's child, was left to try to comfort him.

The blow was too heavy for his faith. It gave way. He put God out of his life, and when he thought of Him at all it was as a cruel tyrant who cared nothing for the misery he inflicted on his helpless subjects.

Janet's loss of her parents affected her differently. She listened eagerly to the words of comfort and hope which her wise teachers spoke. She learned that the time spent in this world was but a preparation for an endless life in the visible presence of God, and she looked forward to meeting her mother again in that land where there would be no more partings.

But, to her sorrow, she found that her grandfather had no such glad hopes. The public worship of God, which she learned to value as a foretaste of the eternal worship of heaven, he would take no part in. He would deny her nothing which he could give, except the one thing she desired most of all, the gladness of knowing that he was treading the narrow way that leads to eternal life.

But at last, by dint of much coaxing, she induced him to promise to go to church with her on Easter morning, and as they went thither she sent up an earnest prayer that the love of God might again from this come into her grandfather's life.

It was like a dream to Job to find himself once more singing the old hymns and listening to the familiar words. They seemed full of a meaning he had never noticed in the old days, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.'

He saw his mistake. He had thought so much of the fact that his loved ones on earth had gone from him that he had lost sight of the fact that they were still living in Paradise. It was they, and not those who were left below, who were truly in 'the land of the living.'

'Jesus lives! henceforth is death,
But the gate of life immortal.'

Job joined in the words with a strange, mingled feeling of triumph and shame. His old faith in God's love revived: why had he allowed it to be nearly killed? He could hardly keep himself from breaking into sobbing. How different the past ten years would have been had his faith been stronger! 'Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief,' he prayed as he knelt before going home.

'Janet, my dear, I thank God that you persuaded me to come with you this morning!' said Job, 'I have come out of darkness into light.'

'I am so glad, grandfather. I knew by your face that you had a different feeling in your heart.'

'Yes,' replied Job, reverently; 'I have been a blind fool. I thought that I had lost my dear ones for ever; but now I can say "I shall go to them, though they will not return to me." May God make us worthy to be numbered with his saints in glory everlasting! You and I will seek his face together from this time onward.—'Friendly Greetings.'

How Polly Cured the Cat.

(J. M. H., in the 'Young Soldier.')

Did I ever tell you how our cat, Sizer, was cured of his habit of catching birds? No? Well, I must tell you, for I think it was the most effective object-lesson Sizer ever had. He was a great pet, and had learned to do some pretty tricks, but had one propensity which was as wicked as could be—no bird was safe if Sizer could reach it.

He had eaten two of mother's canaries, and the neighbors had threatened to kill him if he came into their houses. At last, however, Sizer met his equal.

Aunt Clara wrote to mother that she would spend the summer with us, and would bring her big parrot. Mother was perfectly willing to have Polly come, and we children were all wild with delight. We had never had an opportunity of knowing a parrot—neither had Sizer! One day mother was busy preparing Aunt Clara's room, and John and I were helping her. Suddenly mother dropped down on the nearest chair, saying, 'Oh, dear! I have forgotten Sizer!' In a minute she was able to explain that in her joy that Aunt Clara was coming, she had forgotten Sizer's love for birds. 'What if anything should happen to the parrot!'

We thought we could give Sizer away. It is easy to give a cat away, but he will not always stay given. So we presented him to the man who brought vegetables from his farm four miles from the city, and mother felt relieved.

At last Aunt Clara came with trunks and boxes, and a big cage containing her pet. Polly was a handsome bird, green and gold, with a few beautiful red feathers, a wise, solemn expression, and an accomplished tongue. She was very tired after her journey, and began to say, 'Polly's sleepy! Good-night, Polly! Hello, boys!' and stretched her neck and legs to get rested.

We young people felt as if we could stand by and listen to her all night; but Aunt Clara said she would be cross if she was kept awake too long, and John carried the cage to Aunt Clara's room. In the morning we heard cries and squeaks that startled us at first but very soon a jolly, 'Ha, ha, boys! Good-day, Polly! Good-day!' assured us that Miss Polly was the author of the strange sounds.

Aunt Clara said at breakfast that she had put Polly's cage on the porch upstairs, so that her ladyship might enjoy the fresh air. She was very noisy, she added, because she could see a big, grey cat on the fence. We all knew that Sizer was four miles from the fence and only laughed at Polly's vehemence. After breakfast John was allowed to bring the cage down into the dining room, and there it stayed during the entire visit. The cage door stood open, and Polly walked out or in at her own sweet will.

When John set the cage down Aunt Clara opened the door and Polly came out, with slow and stately step, saying in an injured tone, 'Polly wants her breakfast! Polly wants a bath! Hello, boys!' Her reckless words were so ill-suited to her dignified appearance that one could not help laughing, which seemed to entertain Polly very much. While the bird was sitting near her cage, holding a bit of bread in her claw, she stretched her neck, dropped her bread, and called out, 'Poor pussy! Come, pussy! Hello, boys!' looking intently at something that had appeared at the window.

That 'something' was Sizer! He had come home again, and we were filled with alarm. Aunt Clara looked on quietly and said, 'You need not be afraid, Polly is a match for any cat I ever saw.' So we thought it would be fun to see an encounter between bird and cat, for we knew Sizer to be no coward. He only looked at the bird—this time—and then sprang out of the window, while Polly just screamed after him, 'Good-bye, pussy! Who's afraid? Who's afraid? Polly wants a bath!'

This final remark, which was such a favorite with Polly, seemed to be merely a reflection, as she generally said it in a very low tone, and busied herself in recovering her perch or her food. For two or three days Sizer did not come into the room, and even mother began to lose her fears for Polly's safety. Then he began to sit quietly near a window or open door, so that he could run if danger menaced, and looked at the parrot with longing eyes.

Her conversational powers had amused him, but he finally thought, 'She is only a bird after all,' and to long for a meal of his own providing. The sequel is easily foreseen. One day we heard the greatest commotion in the dining-room. Father ran in with his glasses in one hand and the newspaper in the other; mother came, dismay on every feature; we children ran to the scene, of course, and in a minute Aunt Clara came.

Such a sight as we beheld! We all stood transfixed for an instant, and then burst into loud laughter. Polly had evidently been dozing on the broad window-sill when Sizer had made the attack. When we saw them Polly was holding Sizer with her strong claws and had his ear in her sharp, cutting bill. Sizer was fairly howling and trying his best to use his claws on Polly.

The parrot made some inarticulate noise all the time, and then they rolled off on the floor. There was a mixture of feathers and fur for a second, and Sizer dashed madly past us, and we could hear him 'spit' as he fled the scene. Polly began to smooth her ruffled plumage, and was evidently none the worse for the conflict. She was still very angry, and screamed after Sizer, 'Poor pussy! Poor pussy! Polly's mad! Polly's mad! Hello, boys!'

She would hardly allow Aunt Clara to soothe her, and was quarrelsome for two or three days. No one dared say, 'Poor pussy,' in Polly's hearing. It is needless to say Sizer was cured. He returned to the house after a few days, with a much-injured ear, but nothing could induce him to enter the dining-room, and the sound of Polly's voice seemed to terrify him. From that day the sight of a cage seemed to recall the encounter, and as far as he was concerned a caged bird could hang in safety.

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Brixham and Brixham Trawlers.

(Powell Chase, in the 'Toilers of the Deep.')

There is scarcely a town of equal size, the population of which is so wholly dependent on its trawl-fishery as that of Brixham, Devonshire, the quaintly-huddled houses of which rise, tier upon tier, in a huge cleft of the rugged limestone cliffs that encircle Torbay. Consequently there are few places where the trawler and his picturesque craft are seen to equal advantage.

Large as is the Brixham Fleet, and brave as is the show the boats make each week-end at their moorings in the harbor, it must, of course, be admitted that Lowestoft, for instance, surpasses Brixham in importance as a fishing centre. But our first contention still holds good. Lowestoft as a town relies far more upon its reputation as a seaside resort for the summer visitor, than upon its trawling; whereas, Brixham, historically reputed to be the mother of the trawl-fisheries, continues to flourish without the help of pier, promenade, or bandstand, and retains, as ever, all the picturesque characteristics of a genuine old-world fishing town.

A stay in Brixham, extending over some months, lately made by the writer, and a close and intimate acquaintance with many of the trawlers—young and veteran—were the means of his getting together facts, some of which may interest as being descriptive of the fisher-life of the South Devon town.

Brixham boats are classed and known as 'dandies,' 'mumblebees,' and 'hokers.' The first-named of these is the smart sloop, averaging fifty tons burden, which passes with the landsman under the generic title of smack. The term 'mumblebee' is peculiar to Brixham, apparently, and calls for a word of explanation. It is given to boats of slightly less tonnage than the 'dandy,' and differing from it in being minus a mizzen. The origin of the name seems to date back beyond the memory of the Brixham men of to-day, but is attributed by one skipper to the fact that this particular type of boat was first introduced to Brixham by some Welsh fishermen, hailing from the neighborhood of the Mumbles.

So far, Brixham has repudiated the steam-trawler. The writer recalls the stir created one morning by the arrival of one from an East Coast port, her enterprising owner intending to exploit the fishing-ground off the Start Point.

The value of her catch was the daily and all-absorbing topic of conversation with the sou'-westered quay-side gossips, and, owing to an exceptional good fortune which attended her first few trips, it, for a time, seemed probable enough that Brixham would continue to be her port of call and headquarters. It was a tantalizing thing on a breathless morning for Brixham men to watch that steam-trawler's snowy wake and fuming funnel as she made briskly for Berry Head and open water, whilst their own smartest 'dandies,' with every stitch of canvas spread, could hardly get enough way on them to creep round the breakwater.

But after a short stay the new-comer's luck suddenly failed, her phenomenal catches ceased, and she vanished as mysteriously as she came. Her grimy smoke-stack was seen no more mingling with the ruddy gold of the tanned sails, and Brixham regained its wonted equanimity.

Conservative as the Brixham trawler remains in his methods, even he is glad of steam to assist him in the arduous work of getting in his trawl, and the steam-winch is to be found on all the largest 'dandies.' These engines and the heat consequent on having a boiler at close quarters, may seem at first sight to make for the comfort of the crew when the bitterly cold nature of much of the trawler's work is considered; but, in reality, it seems rather to increase his discomforts by over-heating his tiny cabin, and, moreover, fostering the vermin to which the cleanest-kept boat is more than liable.

A periodical attempt at riddance of such pests, amongst which rats are to be included, takes place; but the most drastic measures, such as the battening down of hatches, and thorough and pungent fumigation, seem to do little more than keep such pests under, and to fail of eradicating them.

This is sufficient reference, perhaps, for delicate ears to what forms one of the many hardships of a trawler's life.

A veteran Brixham skipper gave the writer an entertaining account of the old method of ridding a trawler of rats. The ballast having been taken out, and all hatches, with the exception of the fore-hatch, securely closed, the skipper and crew armed themselves with the fog-horn, tin-dishes, and anything that would increase a din, and then, carrying the ship's flare before them, started at the stern and gradually worked their way forward, with as much noise as possible, bawling and shouting at the loudest and so finally drove the scared rats before them out of the boat.

The list of a trawler's discomforts is an exceptionally long one. Sea-boils, a painful eruption that comes of the chafing of garments on arms and wrists, continually wet with salt sea water, and the stings incurred by the handling of certain fish, are among its many items. Either of these is often severe enough to render a hand or arm useless for days or even for weeks together. Mingling with its other frequenters one is pretty sure to find a few of these bandaged victims passing their enforced leisure at the Fisherman's Institute on the quay, forgetting their ailments in the ardor of games of draughts with fellow-sufferers, or over the pages of illustrated magazines.

One object that will attract the attention of the visitor to Brixham is the statue of William, Prince of Orange, which stands on the quay-side to commemorate the fact that it was here that the future monarch first set foot on the land he was to govern, in accordance with English traditions disregarded by the second James—those of Protestantism and Liberty. But the statue is only a detail in a picture full of interest for any lover of the sea and sea-life.

The scene in the Inner Harbor when the boats are returning in the grey of the morning, is one to be remembered, and well worthy the brush of a Napier Hemy, or a Colin Hunter.

Though many of the Brixham boats take part in the fishing on the East and West Coasts, and consequently are absent for months together, there is a large number left whose trawling-ground is in the neighborhood of the Start and Bolt Heads, and whose average trip is one of four or five days. The comparative shortness of these trips by no means implies any immunity from the perils incurred on longer ones. A fierce westerly gale in Mid-Channel and a battle with the tremendous seas setting in from the open Atlantic, is as fearful an experience as any trawler is called to undergo, and many a skipper has had to run for the shelter of Berry Head, reduced, after only a few hours' struggling on that howling waste, to little short of a wreck, with £50 or £60 worth of gear lost, or, worst of all, to report one or more of his crew swept overboard.

The majority of the boats taking these shorter trips leave and return to the harbor together. Thus there are frequent opportunities of witnessing the landing of a big catch, and nowhere is the sight a more fascinating one than at Brixham, owing to the romantic character and situation of the Harbor. Neither Lowestoft nor Yarmouth can approach it in picturesqueness, lacking, as they do, the rugged, precipitous cliffs, with their cottage homes crowding each above each like nests on a cliff-face. As boat after boat comes in and drops her great brown or yellow mainsail, the forest of masts grows thicker, the crowd of burly, oil-skinned fellows, and the clatter of huge sea-boots increases. A hubbub of stentorian, deep-chested talk arises, contrasting sharply with which are the high-pitched squeal of blocks and sheaves, and the shrill cries of excitedly-circling gulls. The hungry birds follow in screaming and buffeting flocks as each punt brings its crew and catch to the quay-side, and adds its share to the vast silver litter of fish under the long shed.

Such is the infinite variety of species, and so many are the finned families represented, from the dainty, much-coveted mullet to the coarse, hideous, and all but superfluous 'monk,' that the inland visitor will probably come upon some queer denizen of the sea, quite new to him, and about which, should he have a wise wish to learn, the nearest trawler will gladly and courteously inform him.

As the auction proceeds, the dark crowd of swarthy-faced trawlers gathered around the glittering piles of fish, the exquisite hues of the fish themselves—gurnet in coats of russet and rose; mackerel flashing with freshness and barred with indigo and pearl; clusters of red mullet flung down like heaps of gold-dust and coral; and as a setting for it all, the crowded picturesqueness of the shadowed harbor, with the red light of sunrise flaming in the cottage windows far above—make up a scene to delight the heart and eyes of any artist.

But at any hour in the day there is more than enough to interest an onlooker in the busy life of the quay side, and the continual coming and going of the smacks.

Watching the boats as they glide in or out past the pier-head, their crews hurrying about the slippery decks, dodging swinging spars and slatting sails, a landsman is astonished that so much supple alertness can co-exist with the cumbersome figure of the typical trawler. When one considers, further, how little purchase the heavy sea-boot can find on the hard, bare, and sometimes ice-covered planking, given even a level deck, the thought of the same difficulty increased a thousand-fold by the furious antics of a fifty-ton 'dandy,' in a heavy sea-way, and with the addition of Egyptian blackness, a thundering gale, against which it would be hard to stand with terra-firma beneath the feet, and the only thing to depend on for safety, the feeble grasp of hands numbed to deadness by cold, it strikes one with a sense of wonder that the many casualties and fatalities are not even more numerous. Still more surprising is it in the case of the Cornish boats, which are usually built with much lower bulwarks, and being somewhat smaller craft, have a more circumscribed deck.

The very buoyancy of the smack adds to this danger, and the most seasoned salt among merchant sailors would find it hard to keep a footing, and would be likely enough to renew his acquaintance with the qualms of mal-de-mer also, given half-an-hour of a trawler in a gale, flung cork-like from wave to wave.

Clark Russell in his article, 'In the North Sea on a Smack,' gives a lively description of a trip he undertook for the sake of its

novelty, and, experienced sailor as he is, tells us what an altogether new and trying thing was the motion to him. I quote his own words upon the subject: 'The motion of the little craft was felt by me now in a manner I had never before experienced at sea. The long ocean swell was under her, and this, coupled with the toss of the waves, made her movements quite extravagant. It was like being rolled down hill in a cask, and the jerks were so violent and unexpected that I could only save myself from being dashed upon the deck by holding on to the locker, and jamming my foot against the opposite bench.'

The smack apprentices form no small part of the Brixham community. The local branch of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen is the favorite centre and meeting place for these budding smacksmen, who are as fully appreciative of its comforts and its cheerfulness as their elders. A crowd of their fresh faces may be seen there any hour of the day, and their hearty voices heard blending ringingly in the hymns at the evening meetings.

At the week-end, when most of the 'dandies' are home in harbor, the groups of trawler-lads, in their neat shore-going clothes, are one of the features of the town's narrow little streets. A nosegay is considered essential to the completion of a Brixham apprentice's week-end toilet, a unique custom of decreeing that it be set jauntily in the front or at the side of the cap, in lieu of the button-hole absent in a jersey.

The inherent passion of Brixham boyhood for things maritime, is evidenced in their amusements, and particularly in a certain pastime that enjoys a huge vogue during its allotted season, seizing upon the youthful mind throughout the town with the mystic regularly of marbles and peg-tops. A piece of stick is held in the hand pointing forward to represent a bowsprit, and on this are rigged a jib and foresail in the orthodox manner. Certain occult manoeuvres are then gone through with keen zest, the embryo trawler tacking to and fro as he runs before the wind.

The wedding ceremony of a Brixham trawler is a strikingly picturesque function. According to a long established custom, the homes of the parents of the bride and bridegroom are gaily decked in all the bunting available, the flags of the respective families' boats forming the chief feature in the decorations. In this bright and appropriate setting the blushing bride and the tanned and jerseyed bridegroom celebrate their union.

Thus, so thoroughly does the romance of its peculiar industry permeate this ancient Devon fishing town, that hints of the trawler and his craft meet the eye at every turn, and color every phase of its social life, and any who would acquaint themselves, at first hand, with the trawler and his hearty, hospitable ways, could not do better than follow the present writer's example by spending a holiday at Brixham among some of the finest manhood and grandest coast scenery of old Devon.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

What is a Hero?

A few years ago the traveller through Switzerland might have seen a charming little village, now, alas! no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day, and in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of the burned cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. True, his home and cows were gone, but so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looking up he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

'Oh, my son! my son!' he cried, 'are you really alive?'

'Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands.'

'You are a hero, my boy!' the father exclaimed.

But the boy said: 'Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do.'

'Ah,' cried the father, 'he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero.—Exchange.

The Perfect Duties.

(S. A. Rice, in the 'N.W. Christian Advocate.')

'Stevenson is your hero, Aunt Eva, isn't he?' asked Catharine, standing before her aunt's desk, on which was propped a good cut of Stevenson's eager face. The young girl's reference was to the words written on the card under the picture.

'Gentleness and cheerfulness—these come before all morality, they are the perfect duties.'

Catharine read the lines slowly, then, turning her bright, girlish countenance toward her gray-haired companion, she added, 'Sounds simple, just to be gentle and cheerful.'

'Yet most of us find a lifetime is too short for grafting those qualities. Some of us are gentle but not cheerful, while others are cheerful without being gentle. I looked out the definition of gentleness the other day. It clarifies one's ideas to know the exact meaning of a word. Gentleness signifies mild in disposition or manner, kindly, gracious, moderate in action, soft or low, peaceful, considerate, favorably disposed, amenable to all training, noble. When you understand how much the word comprises you cannot wonder Stevenson classed gentleness as a perfect duty. I wish there might be chairs for a professorship of gentleness in our colleges, for men and women, both!

'Some people are kind, but their best friends couldn't call them mild in either character or disposition. Some good men and women are favorably disposed but combative. Others may be moderate in action, mild in disposition and manner, but neither gracious nor kindly nor considerate.'

Catharine smiled and looked interested. She said, 'Go on, aunty. What about cheerfulness?'

'As to cheerfulness, you know Stevenson never could say enough in its praise.

'Solomon observed that a cheerful heart doeth good like a medicine. Stevenson elevated cheerfulness to the rank of a positive duty. Personally, I find it harder to acquire than gentleness, since the qualities making for cheerfulness are so largely temperamental.

'A cheerful person radiates good feeling, like heat or light, like Mrs. Wiggs of the famous Cabbage Patch.

'Ah, to seek diligently for the acquirement of a cheerful spirit is no mean quest! Stevenson spoke from the fullness of experience. Think of the strength of spirit and will-power of a man, forbidden to speak aloud or even whisper, for fear of hemorrhage, continuing his work by dictation in the deaf and dumb alphabet. On his slate he wrote, "I'm a rose-garden invalid wreathed in weak smiles."

'When we think of that knightly battle for life, we grow ashamed of our littleness, and our fears, and brace ourselves for a struggle to gain a degree of gentleness and cheerfulness at the least.'

Catharine kissed her aunt's cheek, glowing with the color caused by her enthusiasm on the subject of the difficult perfect duties. Aunt Eva was a semi-invalid, whose daily life was circumscribed by bodily weakness, yet Catharine knew her as no unworthy follower of her beloved Stevenson's brave creed.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 8, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Sir William Harcourt—All Parties Mourn the Loss of the Former Liberal Leader—The New York 'Tribune.'
Senator Hoar—Thirty-five Years in Congress—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Lived in Light of Great Ideals—Characteristics of the Late Senator Hoar—Special Despatch to the 'Evening Post,' New York.
The Elections in Canada—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Knox Champions Roosevelt—Ex-Attorney-General Speaks on Campaign Issues—The 'Sun,' New York.
Mr. Brodrick on the Treaty with Thibet—English Papers.
Strange Scenes in the Sacred City—Squalor and Sanctity in Lhasa—By E. Candler, Special Correspondent of the 'Daily Mail,' London.
A Russian Nelson—A Personal Sketch of Port Arthur's New Admiral—By Fred. T. Jane, in the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
With Kuroki at the Front—The Battle of Towan—By the London 'Standard's' Special Correspondent with the First Japanese Army.
Professor Henry Van Dyke on the Scottish Church Case—Special Interview in the 'British Weekly.'
Christian Mysticism in India—The 'Spectator,' London.
A Happy Land in the Orkneys—By the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., in the 'British Weekly.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Hero Worship and Artistic Sincerity—The 'Musical News,' London.
The Art of Miniature—The 'Standard,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

October. Poem—By Sara Andrew Shafer, in the 'Outlook,' London.
Autumn Song—By Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, in the 'Congregationalist.'
A Tale by Mr. Arthur Morrison—Reviewed by G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
A New Book by J. J. Bell—The New York 'Evening Post.'
German Eulogy of Meredith—The 'Daily News,' London.
The Heritage of Christian Brotherhood—The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the 'Outlook,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The October Sky: Jupiter the Attraction of the Month—Winslow Upton, in the Providence 'Journal.'
The Rock Slide at Turtle Mountain—The 'Standard,' London.
Science Notes.

John Throckton's Guardian.

Please, sir, lend me a shilling?'

It was a ragged boy that repeated the request to a number of men passing one night to their homes from business. The light of the street lamp shone on his face, and showed how sad and how anxious he was. Some of the men shook their heads; others passed on without noticing the appeal. Finally two men who were walking together stopped.

'Why don't you ask me to give you a shilling?' one of the men asked the boy.

'Because I'm a-going to give it back to you,' was the prompt answer. 'I ain't beggin'.'

The man that asked the question laughed not altogether pleasantly.

'Ho, ho! here is refinement,' he said, with ironical emphasis to his friend. To the boy he continued:

'Look here, little man, I lend money only on good security. What security can you give me?'

'Security?' repeated the boy, helplessly. Then two eager eyes brightened as the meaning of the word was suggested, and he added: 'I can't give none—only my word and willin'ness to work'

The man laughed a great haw, haw. 'Good! You've earned your money, little Ready Wits,' he said, as he tossed a shilling to the boy, and started up the street with his friend.

'Please, sir, you haven't told me your name yet, nor where you live,' pursued the boy.

'Not done with you yet?' said the man sharply, as he stopped again. 'Are you getting up a directory in the interest of beggars?'

No, sir,' replied the little fellow seriously; it's in the interest of you.'

Both men laughed.

'Well, my name is John Throckton, and I live at No. 16 Fairview Avenue,' said the giver of the shilling.

Mr. John Throckton's house was large and handsome, and full of fine furniture and works of art. He was very rich, but by no means generous with his money. He had given in this instance merely out of caprice. The boy's manner of asking had amused him. Seldom did he give so much as a shilling for charity. Meanwhile Bernard Wells invested the borrowed shilling in a loaf of bread, a little piece of meat, and a little paper of tea, and carried the provisions home. His father was dead, and his mother made a living by sewing shirts. This week, however, she was too ill to work, and her money was all spent.

IT'S TIME TO GET UP!"

'O Bernard, where did you get these things?' Mrs. Wells asked.

Bernard told his story.

'We must return the money as soon as possible,' said the mother.

But Mrs. Wells was not able to go back to her work. Bernard earned a little money now selling newspapers, but this was needed to buy food and coals. Finally Mrs. Wells died, and a brother of Bernard's father offered the boy a home. Bernard worked for his uncle, who kept a little shop, but was not given any money. Once he asked for a shilling that he might pay Mr. Throckton, and was laughed at by his uncle.

'John Throckton has too much money already,' the man said. He's one of the richest men and, one of the meanest. I don't want him to get any of my shillings.'

A year passed. Bernard did not forget his obligation to Mr. Throckton. Many were the plans that he made to redeem his word.

One day it was his good fortune to find a pair of eye-glasses that a lady had accidentally dropped, and the lady rewarded him with a shilling.

Bernard set out immediately for No. 16 Fairview Avenue. 'How pleased mother will be! I hope she knows!' he thought to himself as he hurried along with a light, springy gait. It was about five o'clock, and Mr. Throckton had re-

turned from his banking house, and was in his library. He was not particularly engaged, and he told the serving man to show the boy in.

'I came to pay you the shilling, Mr. Throckton,' said Bernard. 'I'm much obliged to you for trustin' me; I couldn't git it for you no sooner.'

Mr. Throckton gave Bernard a searching look. 'Have you not made a mistake, my boy?' he asked. 'I never lent you a shilling to my knowledge, nor do I know you.'

'It was on the street, sir,' said Bernard, 'one night——.'

'Oh, oh, yes, I do remember you now! Well, well, well! So you are the little chap that wasn't begging?'

'Yes, sir, I'm him,' and Bernard laid the coin on the table beside Mr. Throckton.

The man of business appeared to be interested. 'Well, my little fellow,' he said, 'I confess you have taken me by surprise.' He leaned back in his arm-chair while he slipped the shilling into his vest pocket.

Mr. Throckton liked to investigate the motives of actions that seemed strange to him, so he resumed: 'Now, my boy, I should like to know why you returned this money. Didn't you understand that I never expected to see it or you again?'

'I thought that way, sir,' said Bernard; 'but I didn't let it make any difference.'

'Yes, I see,' said Mr. Throckton, 'you wanted to feel that you were honest, and it isn't a bad thing to plume one's self on either. Was that it?'

'No, sir, I don't know as 'twas,' replied Bernard. 'It was more this way: If I hadn't brought you back your money you would have thought I was deceivin' you. Then, if somebody else asked you for somethin', someone as was real honest and needin', and you, thinkin' of me, and the mean trick I'd played on you, would say 'No,' then I'd be responsible for making you mean and s'picious and onfeelin'—do you see?'

Mr. Throckton did not smile now. He was perhaps more surprised now than he had ever been in his life. The idea of this common street boy considering himself responsible for the doings of John Throckton! The man felt his hardness ebbing away, and there came to him a desire to do something good and worthy with his money. And what better thing could he do than to care for the boy that had been the means of saving him from his own selfishness?

Mr. Throckton's acquaintances were amazed when they learned that the bright-faced little boy was an orphan whom he had adopted. A friend said to him one day: 'I wonder you were not afraid to assume so great a responsibility as the guardianship of a child, Mr. Throckton?'

'My little boy was my guardian first,' answered Mr. Throckton, with a smile.—'The Children's Messenger.'

What Mattie Said.

'Della,' said Irene Van Horne just after school was dismissed for the day, 'did you hear what Mattie Merritt said about you at recess?'

Della Adams, who was walking briskly out of the school-house gate, stopped and faced the indignant-looking girl who had arrested her attention.

'No,' said Della, quietly, 'I did not hear her say anything about me, and I do not think she did.'

'Oh, yes, she did,' said Irene, eagerly; 'and I told her right to her face that I'd tell you the very first chance I got. Oh, it was so mean!'

'Was it?' said Della, with a gentle smile. 'Perhaps you had better not tell me, then.'

'Oh, but you ought to know! I'm sure you'll be furious.'

Della checked her.

'I do not care to hear what she said.'

'But, Della, you ought to know.'

'I think not,' replied Della, gently, but very firmly. 'What good would it do for me to hear that Mattie slandered me, as I infer that she did? I could not punish her, even if I wished. I could not make her recall the words, and I am sure it would not give me pleasure to hear them repeated.'

'Then you don't want to know——'

'Not a single word. If I knew I might find it impossible not to show Mattie that I felt badly over it.'

'Why, I should think after your quarrel you would not care much for her opinion.'

'My quarrel?' said Della, in surprise. 'We have not quarreled. Mattie is angry because I excelled her in school studies this week, but it takes two to make a quarrel, and I am not angry at her. Whatever she has said I'm sure she will be sorry for it.'

'Well, you are the queerest girl!' exclaimed Irene, as they walked along, and Della began to talk on other subjects. 'I don't suppose there's another girl in school who wouldn't have been curious to hear what Mattie said. And to think that you don't care what anybody says about you!'

'I do care,' said Della, rather sadly; 'and that is why I prefer to hear nothing but favorable comment. I would like to believe that all the girls liked me.'

'So they do,' said Irene, impulsively; 'and that was why I was so indignant when Mattie—'

'There you go again,' cautioned Della. 'Now, dear, don't say a word to anybody about Mattie, and I am sure it will turn out all right.'

Irene kissed Della good-by, and walked away, shaking her head in a doubtful as well as a thoughtful manner.

A week passed, and every day when Della met Mattie Merritt the spoke to the girl just as pleasantly and smiled just as sweetly as ever she did.

Mattie at first returned the salutations with a defiant toss of her head; then with a scornful look; then with a puzzled expression, and finally she came to Della one day at recess, and said, shortly:

'Della, I owe you an apology.'

'I think not, Mattie,' said Della.

'Yes, I do,' persisted Mattie, very red in the face. 'Last Tuesday at recess, you know, I said—'

'Please don't tell me what you said!' exclaimed Della, putting her arm around Mattie's waist. 'I would rather not hear it.'

'Well, you know what I said. I saw that hateful Van Horne telling you, and then I was sorry, because I didn't mean a word I said, and every girl knows I didn't.'

'I know it,' said Della, giving her a warm squeeze, 'even if I do not know what you said. Irene did not tell me, and I haven't the slightest idea of my own.'

'Oh, Dell! And to think I—'

'Don't think about it, dear. As I never heard what you said, it is just the same as if it never was uttered; so we will not say another word about it.'

And not another word was spoken about it, and Della and Mattie were just as good—nay, better—friends than before.—Jessie Armadale, in 'Golden Days.'

THE WITNESS,

And What Our Friends are Saying About It.

Among the great Metropolitan Newspapers of the world the 'Witness' stands unique in that it was the first to demonstrate the possibility of success in Metropolitan Journalism 'along 'Witness' lines.' The London, England, 'Daily News' is the latest addition to the ranks of teetotal journalism. But teetotalism after all is only a negative virtue. Cleanliness in many other ways is even more important, and more important than all is a determination to be right and to do the right regardless.

The 'Witness' (Daily and Weekly) gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, the telegraph, and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

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In 1846 the 'Witness was started by the late John Dougall, and its aim was to supply the Dominion of Canada with the best possible newspaper. One which would always keep in mind high ideals and be 'for God and Home and Native Land.' The 'Witness' has grown since then. Modern machinery and present possibilities have made great improvements inevitable. But it has never outgrown the principles that are, so to say, engraved on its corner stone.

Few papers have had a continuous existence for so long a period. Fewer still have held to the same principles and have been controlled by the same family for anything like so long a time. The result is that the 'Witness' enjoys a loyal constituency that cannot be tempted to leave it in favor of any other publication.

A newspaper published on the 'Witness' lines needs the support of those who are willing to pay its subscription price for the reason that it voluntarily foregoes in the interest of its subscribers much revenue from pernicious advertisements, etc., that other publications accept regardless of their readers.

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contains almost everything that appears in the Weekly, and has, of course, the advantage of bringing you the news every day.

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'The Montreal 'Witness' is by far the best educator.'—'Prairie Witness,' Indian Head, N.W.T.

'The Montreal 'Daily Witness' is the only Metropolitan paper in America that dares to be a consistent outspoken enemy of the drink traffic.'—'The New Voice,' N.Y.

SUBSCRIBERS' LETTERS:

Brantford Ont.

I read a number of papers on both sides of politics, and although I am an old Scotch Tory, the good old 'Witness' is my favorite paper, and if I was limited to only one paper I would without a moment's hesitation retain the 'Witness.'

ROBERT BURNS.

Star, Alta.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find one dollar—a year's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' beginning with New Year, 1904. The 'Witness' has always been the paper of my home, and now that I am away from home I find it indispensable.

I remain, yours truly,

G. E. RICHARDS,
Presbyterian Missionary.

London, Ont.

Enclosed please find an order for my renewal subscription. It seems to me the 'Witness' gets better in comparison with other papers, so thoroughly honest and fair to all, and on all questions.

Yours truly,

W. A. A. CLARIS.

Ashville, N.C.

Enclosed please find one dollar to renew my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness.' I cannot afford to do without the 'Witness' on account of the reliability of your editorials.

Respectfully,

THOS. M. HENRY.

Dawson, Yukon.

Enclosed please find postal note for one dollar, for which please send me the 'Weekly Witness.' The good old 'Witness' deserves the support of every Canadian who likes a good, clean, independent, patriotic newspaper whose reputation has been built upon honesty.

H. J. WOODSIDE.

Lancaster, Ont.

We cannot do without the 'Witness.' If it should cease to be published, Canada would change its character for the worse inside of ten years.

(Rev.) J. U. TANNER.

Elmsdale, P.E.I.

Enclosed find one dollar, for renewal of your very newsy and invaluable paper, the 'Weekly Witness.' We have taken it for years, and would rather have it than any other paper.

LOUIS RENNIE.

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About the 'Northern Messenger.'

For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the good old 'Northern Messenger,' writes W. S. Jamieson, of Dalton, Ont.

Mr John McMillan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes: 'My wife could not do without the 'Messenger.' It is a splendid paper. Our friends in Scotland prize it very much.'

Chas. Gamble, secretary of Acton West Sunday-school, says: 'We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school the past six months, and are delighted with it, and believe it to be the best Sunday-school paper published.'

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London, Eng., 12th Sept., 1904.

Dear Sir,—I wish to subscribe for your paper 'World Wide.' Specimen copies of which have reached me. When I saw that this paper was published by John Dougall & Son, I felt that I must order it, for it was sure to be good. As a child I was taught to respect the name of John Dougall, and my late husband (the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Cote street Church, Montreal), was not behind my father in his regard for that noble man. As a Canadian I am proud of the 'Montreal Witness,' which takes the first place amongst the dailies of the country. It has long set an example which other papers might well copy. Wishing increasing success to all your publications, I am sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH H. BURNS.

PRESIDENT TROTTER, D.D.,
of Acadia University, says:
I look eagerly for your weekly collection of good things, and recommend the paper warmly to my friends.

S. E. DAWSON, Lit. D., KING'S PRINTER, says:
I take a good many papers, but 'World Wide' is the only one which I read without skipping

Grenfell, Assa.

I find it almost indispensable to keep abreast with the best thought of the time.

J. NICHOLLS.

Fredericton, N.B.

I enclose, with much pleasure, renewal subscription to 'World Wide,' and wish to express my appreciation of its admirable selections.

WM. CROCKETT, LL.D.

(From the President of the G.N.W. Company.)

Toronto, Ont., 1904.

Gentlemen,—I consider 'World Wide' one of the very best of its class and would be very sorry to be without it.

H. P. DWIGHT.

Chatham, Ont.

We are much pleased with 'World Wide,' and consider it the most valuable journal of the kind we have knowledge of.

DRS. HOLMES and McKEOUGH.

PROFESSOR J. H. RHODES,
West River, N.B., says:
'World Wide' is a delight to me. Read every word.

SIR ALGERNON COOTE, Baronet, who says,
I am delighted with 'World Wide.' The publication is superior to any of a similar kind that I have seen on either side of the Atlantic.

Westboro, Ont.

'World Wide' is in the best sense catholic, not partisan. Its interests are human, not sentimental or sordid. Its selections are discriminating and of consequent value.

(Rev.) E. THOMAS.

Sumpter, Oreg.

I can assure you 'World Wide' is appreciated by those whom I allow to read it. As an old Ontarian boy, I wish the proprietors of the 'Witness' and World Wide' success for their manly stand on public matters.

J. H. MACALLUM.

BLANK FORM.

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What I Saw in Maine.

(The Testimony of the late Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference.)

'Portland, in the State of Main, is a charming watering-place, with a most picturesque coast, and islands dotted over the ocean. On this beautiful shore, where sea and land were equally fascinating, stood the fairest city I have ever seen. There was an entire absence of the hideousness and squalor that we witnessed everywhere in England. Everybody seemed to be healthy, prosperous and cheerful. As I went through the city I felt it was 100 years in advance of anything I had ever seen in England. Much of this great charm is undoubtedly due to its delightful situation and climate, but even more is the result of the drastic remedy for drunkenness, which the late General Dow had brought into force three years ago.

'At various times since Prohibition was adopted in Maine, the sheriffs have not always carried out the law vigorously. They have sometimes winked at the evasion practised by the unscrupulous and the dissolute. But even at the worst of times there has never been any open drinking, or any open temptation to drink. Vulgar and degraded men have been able to get intoxicating liquor by submitting to all sorts of humiliations, creeping about in dark cellars, and exposing themselves to the penalties of the law with more or less success. But if that is to be regarded as a failure of the law, we must say that the law against stealing is a failure in London, because there are thousands of men and women in that city who are perpetually, and systematically, and professionally engaged in defying the law, in evading it, in outwitting the police, and in plundering their fellow-men.

'I may say that at all times the law against the liquor trade has been carried out in Portland at least as successfully as the law against stealing has been carried out in London; but that now it is carried out even more successfully than the criminal law is carried out in the English capital.

'I stayed at the principal hotel in Portland, and a magnificent hotel it was, fit to be compared with the palatial establishments of the West End of London. The rooms were vast and magnificent, lit up with electric light, and provided with all the resources of civilization and science. But not one drop of intoxicating liquor was visible in that great and crowded hotel. The manager said there were possibly six places in the city where under risk of fine and imprisonment, it might be possible to get intoxicating liquors. But anyone who wished to get it would have to take a great deal of trouble, to go out of his way, to expose himself to humiliation and peril, and to expose anyone who co-operated in breaking the law to the possibility of imprisonment.

'No one dreams of repealing the Prohibitory Law. Some persons occasionally cry out loud against it, as interfering with their private appetite and convenience, but the idea of getting rid of it no more presents itself to their mind than the idea of getting rid of trial by jury occurs to an Englishman. Trial by jury, like Prohibition, sometimes involves personal inconvenience; notwithstanding, everybody is in favor of it. So is it with Prohibition.

'I should add that a certain number of licenses are given to store and sell alcohol for chemical and medical and scientific purposes; but, with these obvious exceptions, this intoxicating liquor is absolutely prohibited. No one has any right to have it in his house; and the police have power of entry and of seizure. I have never seen so beautiful, so healthy, and so flourishing a city as the headquarters of Prohibition. No ragged beggars in the streets; no pale and starving children; no reeling drunkards; no foul slums; no work for the police; it almost seemed as if we had gone into another world. All this great gain is obtained by the paltry sacrifice of strong drink. How any one who professes to love his fellow-creatures, to say nothing of religion, can hesitate to make that trifling sacrifice of physical self-indulgence, I am at a loss to imagine.'

The Hon. Neal Dow was the man who brought about this beneficent result. It occurred thus: A very dear friend was a victim of liquor traffic, and he went to the rum-seller and asked him to refuse supplying this friend —he pleaded with him, telling him what ruin he was bringing, not only upon himself, but upon his wife and family. The rum-seller replied, 'I have a license, and shall continue to supply every man or woman who asks me for the liquor.' Neal Dow's holy indignation was aroused, and he said 'Yes!

'For so much gold we license thee
A draught to sell,
That bows the strong, enslaves the free,
And opens wide the gates of hell.'

'But,' said Neal Dow, 'take notice that before God I vow that I will never rest until your dreadful traffic is suspended and banished from this State of Maine.' And so it was.

In the year 1857 Neal Dow visited England for the first time, to persuade Englishmen to 'go and do likewise.' At the close of a speech which he delivered on the 23rd of April, 1857, to 4,000 people, assembled in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, he made the following fine and stirring appeal:—

'I was reading in an English newspaper some time ago, an incident of history—how far it might wander from exact fact I cannot tell—but it was to this effect, that, during the first French Revolution, the British government anticipated a descent of the French Emperor upon the coast of Egypt, and a magnificent English fleet was sent into the Mediterranean waters to intercept it. Those waters on the Syrian coast are exposed to heavy western gales, to hurricanes almost. Whilst this English fleet was going towards the Syrian coast one of those gales came on, and the fleet was ordered upon the wind in order to clear off shore; but the wind blew with still greater and greater intensity, and the admiral saw that it would be impossible to keep his fleet off the lee coast if the gale continued for the usual period. But it occurred to him that there was somewhere on the Syrian coast an old port then unused. He did not know precisely its locality, but he thought it was not far off, and he telegraphed to the captains in his fleet if any of them knew where it was, and he received a reply from an English frigate that the captain of it did know where it was.

'The captain was asked by the admiral if he could take the fleet in, and the answer was in the affirmative.

'This frigate was ordered into the van, the ships were commanded to fill away and go towards this coast, a lee coast, and though it was nearly dark, yet at some considerable distance.

'As the fleet were going on the captain of this frigate telegraphed to the admiral that it would be necessary to make more sail in order to gain the coast while it was yet light. The order was given for every ship to pack on as much canvas it could stagger under, and it was done; and this magnificent fleet was rushing threateningly towards the coast; and as they drew near, the rocks loomed up all white with foam in every direction, with no appearance of a port anywhere. The admiral was appalled at the spectacle, and he said to this captain by telegraph, "A great responsibility rests upon you." The answer was a proud and noble one—"Follow me!" That was all; no doubt, no hesitation—"Follow me!" and the ships went on, and on with still accelerated motion directly towards that terrific coast. And this frigate as she neared it, being in the van, seemed to be lost and buried in the breakers, but she suddenly disappeared; and every successive ship as she followed directly in the wake, did the same, until the last ship as she entered found all her predecessors safely moored in the ancient port. And so, Englishmen, the people of Maine, the people of New England, have thrown broad to the breeze their banner, inscribed thereon the proud motto, "Dirigo" ("I direct"); and they call upon you and the world to follow where they lead. If you will but do it you will find perfect protection from this tremendous evil under which you now so greatly suffer.' Neal Dow closed his address amidst immense cheering.—'The Wide-Awake Temperance Reciter.'

A Magistrate's Testimony.

A gentleman who had been for fifteen years a Justice of the Peace in Manchester, England, thus gives his experience in the 'Guardian' of that city:—

To have to sit in our police court for hours and to hear the charges brought before us in succession, then to have it forced upon us that well nigh the whole of them are directly or indirectly caused by drinking to excess, makes us unwittingly exclaim, 'Can nothing be done to stop this terrible source of evil?' Year after year, on every occasion that our rota comes round, the same sad and revolting category is before us. The wife and children disfigured and battered and the home ruined by the drunken husband; the husband complaining that the wife drinks and pawns the clothing and furniture of the house; the quarrels due to drink; the affiliation cases of which drink is shown to be the primary cause, as it is in so many of the cases of gross assaults on females—all these, besides the 'drunk and disorderlies,' the distracted parents who come before us, and the helpless little ones, cannot but convince a man of earnest temperament that the number of places where these temptations are held out must be greatly reduced if any amelioration is to be effected.

The Licensing Act of this year is an excellent one as far as it goes, but it is mainly curative and not preventive, and has little influence on the statistics of police courts. The vortex goes on undiminished as it did before, and the bitter tears of the women of England remain undried. I do not suppose an M.P. has ever spent a morning on the bench of a police court, or his sympathetic mind would incline to unite with others in striving (to some extent at least) to undermine the foundation of this gigantic evil in our land.

No Surrender.

I hope you have all taken the pledge, and that you mean to keep it. Let me tell you a story. A lad, a corporal in the French army, when drunk, struck his superior officer. This was a serious offence. He was tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot. He was cast into prison to await the execution of the sentence. An effort was made to secure his pardon, but without success. The colonel, however, was much attached to him, and was unremitting in his efforts to procure pardon, which he at length succeeded in doing, on condition that if he was ever known to be drunk again he should be shot.

The colonel went to the prison to inform the condemned young corporal of his pardon.

'Oh, Colonel!' said the unhappy young man, as the officer entered, 'you see what my folly has brought me to.'

'Suppose,' said the colonel, 'that I should tell you that, on condition that you never in your life drink again, a pardon is extended to you, your life being the forfeit if ever you taste liquor again.'

'Impossible!' said the lad. 'I cannot live and not drink. Must I never drink? Never?' The poor young fellow relapsed into hopelessness. 'Nothing could keep me from it. It would be impossible to keep the condition.'

'I want your word and pledge of honor, as a soldier,' said the colonel, appealing to the lad's high military spirit.

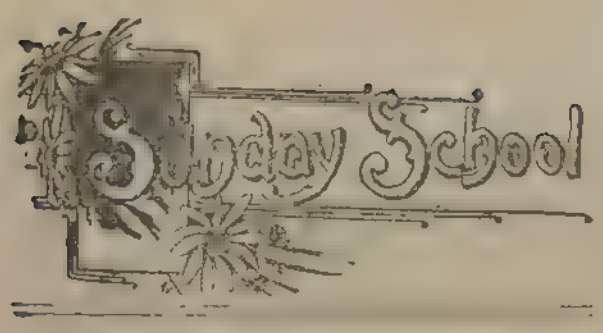
'Then, Colonel,' he cried, 'see here and now,' and he lifted his arm toward heaven, 'that never to my dying day will I put liquor to my lips again.'

That lad became commander of the Imperial Guard, whose very name became such a power, and kept the pledge in the same spirit that characterized his memorable utterance—'The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders!'

Will you remember that you have taken a pledge; that you are in honor bound to keep it; will you show the same brave spirit that he showed in carrying out his pledge?—The Rev. James Learmount in 'The Examiner.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.



LESSON V.—OCTOBER 30.

Elisha at Dothan.

II. Kings vi., 8-23.

Golden Text.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them. Psalm xxxiv., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 24.—II. Kings vi., 8-23.
Tuesday, Ovt. 25.—Rom. viii., 31-39.
Wednesday, Oct. 26.—Ps. xxxiv., 1-22.
Thursday, Oct. 27.—II. Kings vi., 24-33.
Friday, Oct. 28.—II. Kings vii., 1-20.
Saturday, Oct. 29.—II. Kings xiii., 14-21.
Sunday, Oct. 30.—II. Kings vi., 8-23.

INTRODUCTION.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

The study of Elisha's words and deeds is peculiarly helpful, because the things with which he was so concerned come very near our everyday lives. At one time he is, by the power of God, helping a poor widow to save her sons from bondage, at another he restores a dead child to life and to his mother, again he recovers the lost ax, or we find him healing the waters, at another time he prevents a case of accidental poisoning, and we read of his multiplying the loaves and the grain to feed a large company.

Everywhere he is a man of good deeds, a prophet whose words and works were constantly reminding men of the love and power of God. Rightly studied Elisha's life will do much to encourage one's faith.

In the present lesson we find Elisha himself being preserved, and his servant being taught a great spiritual lesson, by divine interposition.

THE KING OF ISRAEL WARNED.

8. 'Then the king of Syria warred against Israel, and took counsel with his servants, saying, In such and such a place shall be my camp.

9. 'And the man of God sent unto the king of Israel, saying, Beware that thou pass not such a place; for thither the Syrians are come down.

10. 'And the king of Israel sent to the place which the man of God told him and warned him of, and saved himself there, not once or twice.'

The King of Syria, Benhadad II., at war with Israel, was plotting to entrap Jehoram, King of Israel, at one place and another, but in every instance he discovered that his plans had miscarried. In some way Jehoram would discover the danger and avoid the trap. The reason was, as we see by verse 9, that Elisha had warned the King of Israel of the plans of his enemy, and in every case investigation proved that Elisha had told the truth.

THE KING OF SYRIA VEXED.

11. 'Therefore the heart of the king of Syria was sore troubled for this thing; and he called his servants, and said unto them, Will ye not shew me which of us is for the king of Israel?

12. 'And one of his servants said, None my lord, O king; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber.

13. 'And he said, Go and spy where he is, that I may send and fetch him. And it was told him, saying, Behold, he is in Dothan.'

But the King of Syria, not understanding how the King of Israel eluded him so continually, concluded that there must be treachery among his own servants, who managed to notify the King of Israel of each place where the Syrians were to encamp. When the servants were met with the request to produce the traitor, one of them revealed the real cause of his master's perplexity.

From this servant's words we may see that Elisha was known beyond the borders of Israel. His wonder working power had given him a certain fame. The servant knew that his master's secrets were not to be hidden from the prophet.

But the King of Syria did not comprehend the situation fully even then. He proposed to capture this prophet, this man who possessed such supernatural powers, forgetting that Elisha might be able to defeat this scheme as easily as he had the others.

So the king found out that Elisha was at Dothan, a place twelve miles north of Samaria.

THE SERVANT'S FEAR.

14. 'Therefore sent he thither horses, and chariots, and a great host: and they came by night, and compassed the city about.

15. 'And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do?'

Having located the prophet the next thing was simply to surround Dothan and capture him. A force of many soldiers was thereupon dispatched for the purpose, and the town was surrounded at night.

Early in the morning Elisha's servant went out and discovered the situation, which to him seemed hopeless. What was to be done he did not know. Like many other timid souls he could see the peril, but nothing beyond it. In his despair he appeals to the prophet.

THE PRAYER FOR THE SERVANT.

16. 'And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

17. 'And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.'

Elisha had reached such heights of faith that the sight of enemies on every side did not disturb him. He had absolute faith in God; that was enough. Indeed, the good man was far more concerned over his servant's lack of faith than over any danger to himself, and his prayer, there in the presence of his enemies, was that his servant might have a vision. It was granted, and the trembling young man lifted his eyes from an army of misguided mortals to the fiery host of Heaven, marshalled for the defense of the man of God.

A good many of us need the vision given to this young man, when we find ourselves at Dothan with troubles encamped all about us.

THE PRAYER TO THE SYRIANS.

18. 'And when they came down to him, Elisha prayed unto the Lord, and said, Smite this people, I pray thee, with blindness. And he smote them with blindness according to the word of Elisha.

19. 'And Elisha said unto them, This is not the way, neither is this the city: follow me, and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek. But he led them to Samaria.

20. 'And it came to pass, when they were come into Samaria, that Elisha said, Lord, open the eyes of these men, that they may see. And the Lord opened their eyes, and they saw; and behold they were in the midst of Samaria.'

Elisha seems to be working out a purpose by dealing with men's powers of sight. He has just asked God to open his servant's eyes to behold the Heavenly company, and now he prays that the Syrians' eyes may be blinded to natural objects. From the original we get the idea that this was not intended to be total blindness, but a dim or confused sight which would render the men harmless and well nigh helpless.

Elisha lived at Samaria, rather than at Dothan, and, without disclosing his identity, he offers to lead the dazed Syrians to the city where they might find Elisha, and accordingly he takes them to Samaria, where their eyes were opened and they found themselves in the capital of their enemy's country. Elisha was giving them an object lesson as to the power of the God he served. His gentle and humane spirit was not carrying out any purpose of revenge.

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

21. 'And the king of Israel said unto Elisha, when he saw them, My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?

22. 'And he answered, Thou shalt not smite them: wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master.

23. 'And he prepared great provision for them: and when they had eaten and drunk, he sent them away, and they went to their master. So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel.'

The King of Israel was not a spiritually minded man, and following a natural impulse, he asked if he should smite these enemies that had so unexpectedly come into his power. Elisha rebukes him and shows that they are as honorable prisoners of war.

But he does not even propose to hold them, but demonstrates his fearlessness by letting them go, after they have been abundantly fed. By so doing he sent them back to their master, the King of Syria and enemy of Israel, with the impression of their remarkable experience fresh in their minds.

They would naturally, with one voice, proclaim the miracle working powers of the prophet; and the effect of their report must be very marked upon the Syrians. It is not surprising then that such raids as the Syrian king had been carrying on ceased. Faith in God and gentleness toward enemies had been mightier than armies with weapons.

The lesson for November 6 is, 'Joash, the Boy King.' II. Kings xi., 1-16.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 30.—Topic—How giving reacts upon me. Prov. iii., 9, 10; II. Cor. ix., 6-11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

AN UNWILLING MESSENGER.

Monday, Oct. 24.—Sent to do God's work. Ex. iii., 15-22.

Tuesday, Oct. 25.—Moses' objection. Ex. iv., 1.

Wednesday, Oct. 26.—God's answer. Ex. iv., 2-5.

Thursday, Oct. 27.—Another answer. Ex. iv., 6-9.

Friday, Oct. 28.—Disciples sent on God's errand. Mark iii., 14.

Saturday, Oct. 29.—Peter and John sent. Luke xxii., 8-13.

Sunday, Oct. 30.—Topic—A man who was unwilling to go where God sent him. Ex. iii., 10-14; iv., 10-12.

How to Make the School More Devotional.

(D. W. McWilliams, in the 'S. S. Times.')

Superintendents, how can you make your schools more devotional, more worshipful?

Begin with yourself. School your own heart, your own devotional spirit. To do this feed on the Word of God, especially the devotional part of it. Meditate upon it. Dr. William M. Taylor sometimes quoted the saying that 'meditation is a lost art.' Is it such to you in your busy life? Let your devotion rise. Then will the devotion of your school rise also. That is to be done in private. It was a man of devotional spirit who said, 'As I mused, the fire burned.' One of the best of superintendents was the late William E. Dodge, Sr., as well as one of the most useful of laymen in every walk of life. Mr. Dodge had his quiet period every morning. It was a very unusual occurrence which interfered with it. He looked up into the face of God before he went out and looked into the face of man. There is a very large and rapidly increasing band of men and women who have adopted the quiet-hour plan of being alone every morning with God. They almost encircle the globe with their devotions. 'There are some things in life for which we are unprepared until we are fired by devotions.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

Correspondence

Tumbell.

Dear Editor,—I wrote a letter once before, and as I saw it in print, I thought I would write another. My mother has got a lot of stuffed birds; she fixes them herself, and there are some beautiful specimens. We have got forty-six ducks and seventeen turkeys, and about a hundred chickens. We have one little colt. Its mother got lost or died, we do not know which. The colt will drink milk and gets three eggs a day. I go to school every day, and am in the fifth class. There are twenty-three going to school. My teacher's name is Mr. C. We all like him. It is getting late, and I will have to close. E. R. B.

East London, South Africa.

Dear Editor,—I began taking the 'Messenger' about a year ago, since which I have only seen one letter from East London, by 'Daisy G.' I like it very much. I would like my name in the birthday book. On April 8 I shall be thirteen years of age. I am very glad to say that Gipsy S. was here, and he has not yet gone away; he has been doing a good work for our Lord, and conquered many souls. For pets I have a nice cat; it is so tame that it nearly died when I went away, but soon revived when I came back. I also have a lot of pigeons. I have no brothers older than myself, but one younger, and sisters older and younger. JAMES F. P.

Port Dalhousie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have often started a letter to the 'Messenger,' but something always happened to prevent it being finished. Z. E. P. wanted to know if anyone's birthday came on Nov. 4. My mother's is on that date. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on Dec. 7. Port Dalhousie is situated on 'Blue Ontario,' and is the starting place of the Welland Canal. In the summer the boys and the girls enjoy themselves bathing, and in the winter skating. How many of the readers of the 'Messenger' can skate. I am sure those who can like it as much as I do. I learnt two or three years ago. Port Dalhousie is about four miles from St. Catharines, and is connected with it by an electric railway. How many of the boys and girls have seen the Niagara Falls. I have been there four times. It is a magnificent sight to see that vast body of water come pouring down. I have been on the Canadian and American side. I have also been on Goat Island, Luna Island and the Three Sisters Islands. I keep a diary, and think it is fun. I passed the entrance this summer. I love to read. Some of my favorite books are: 'Little Women and Good Wives,' all the books by Rosa N. Carey and most of the Pansy books, 'Dwell Deep,' the Elsie books and others. My uncle and auntie give me the 'Messenger.' Well, my letter is getting rather long, and hoping it will not find its way to the waste basket, I will close, wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

MARY C. H.

Arne P.O.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I thought I would like to see my letter in print, so I am writing. I am the youngest in the family. I am glad that I am, for I would not like to work as hard as the others say they did when they were my age. We have about eighteen of a family. We have twenty horses and fifty cows, and a lot of young cattle. One of my sisters milked six cows when she was six years of age. I learnt how to milk this summer, but I did not care for it. I do not see that there is any use of being the youngest in the family if you do not have a good time. I am eight years old, and in the second book. I walk two miles to school every day, and two miles to my home. I will now say good-by for this time. HELENA C.

Moose Jaw, Assa.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I live eight miles north of the city of Moose Jaw. We live on a farm. They are threshing here now. The school is three and one-half miles away, so we have to drive. I have two sisters, but only one of them goes to school. In the spring there was a slough of water a mile and a quarter long and nearly half a mile wide, and about three feet deep. We made a raft and had some fun. There are five elevators in Moose Jaw and a flour mill. We have a half section of land. We had 170 acres of wheat and oats. We have five horses and a cow and calf. The calf is bad to chew ropes. There is a lake by the church we attend, and it is about six feet deep. There are two boats there, and I had a ride in one. The weather has been rather wet, and it is raining now. We have been taking the 'Messenger' about a year. I shall be twelve years old on November 24. We have one hired man. I think I will close now.

BERT B.

Brockville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought that I would write a letter to you, as I have nothing else to do. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for about a half a year. I am in the third reader, and I am eight years old. I have two sisters and two brothers. My oldest brother goes to the high school; he is twelve years old. We live on a farm, and we have nine cows and two horses. My birthday is on March 12.

WILLIE S.

Courage That Was Not Wasted.

(S. E. Stover, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A TRUE STORY.

Howard Dunn was working his way through college. His father had died when he was only eight, and his mother, by dint of hard work, had kept her boy clothed and fed, sent him to the public school, and carefully trained him in obedience, thrift and courtesy. 'It is all I can do for you, Howard,' she said. 'I wish I could send you to college.'

'Never mind, mother, dear, I guess I am able to look after that with such a real good start,' the boy answered. 'With my high school certificate I am sure to get a school, and it won't hurt me to teach several years.'

The time had passed quickly. Howard at last completed his junior year, and, for the summer holidays, had taken a position with the National Biscuit Company. Near him worked Simeon Walters, a man of forty-five, who was inclined to be friendly and communicative. He often spoke of his young daughter, to whom he was devoted.

On the Monday morning of our story Walters came in excited. Something had gone wrong. He uttered a hasty oath. Howard felt as a Christian he ought to show his colors. Quietly he said, 'How would you like it if a man would speak in that way before your daughter?'

'I'd knock him down,' replied Walters with energy.

'Would you use such words in the hearing of your daughter?' inquired Howard.

'No, I wouldn't,' admitted the father.

Nothing more was said, and Howard did not know just how much he might have offended his fellow workman. The subject was not referred to again during the summer. In October Howard was back at college.

Sometime after that he was passing through the place of his summer's work and he met Walters. They exchanged pleasant greetings. Then the older man said, suddenly:

'Look here. Do you remember when you spoke to me about swearing. You maybe thought I did not like it. Do you know I could not forget what you said. It was all so true and sensible, and I am mighty particular about that girl of mine. One evening not very long after I was passing the Y. M. C. A. There was a notice up: "Welcome! Come into the meeting to-night." Something led me to go up into the hall. It was full of men. Someone was speaking earnestly about leading a clean, first-class life. Then the one in charge said: "If there is one here who has a bad habit that he wants to overcome, and if he would like to have us pray for him that he may be helped and gain the victory, just let him rise." I tell you what, Dunn, that just seemed my chance. Something said, "Get up, Walters. Be a man. Own up and start all over." My knee and my voice both shook. I don't know now just what I said. But those prayers! I knew I must go the whole figure and be a Christian. That winter I joined the church, and believe me, my boy, I've never used such language since. We are now all so happy. I've been wanting to find you, Dunn, and tell you about it; for if it hadn't been for you, I might never have lerned what it was to be a Christian.'

Howard Dunn now knew that it was worth all his summer's hard experience to have heard the outcome of words quietly but bravely spoken that Monday morning.

A Costly Comma.

(Martha Clark Rankin, in the 'Dominion Presbyterian.')

'Have you your examples all right, Tom?' asked Mr. Walker, as his son closed the arithmetic and came to say good-night.

'Near enough,' was the reply, 'and I am thankful; for they were a tough lot.'

'But I don't understand,' said his father, 'what you mean by near enough. Do you mean that they are almost right?'

'Why, I mean they are as good as right. There's a point wrong in one, and two figures wrong in another, but there is no use in fussing over such trifles. I'm sure the method's right, and that's the main thing.'

'Yes,' returned his father, 'I admit that the method is important, but it is not the only thing. Let me see how much difference the point makes in this example.'

Tom brought his paper, and, after looking it over, Mr. Walker said: 'That point makes a difference of five thousand dollars. Suppose it represented money that some one was going to pay you. Then you'd be pretty anxious to have the point right, wouldn't you?'

'Oh, of course, in that case I would have looked it over again,' said Tom carelessly. 'But this is only an example in school, and it would never make any difference to anybody whether the point was right or not.'

'To anyone but you,' returned Mr. Walker. 'For a habit of carelessness and inaccuracy once fixed upon you will make a difference all your life, and may prevent you from ever succeeding in the business world. You may not realize it, but what employers want, and must have, is accuracy in little things, as well as in great, and, indeed, things that seem small are often far more important than they look. A comma seems about as unimportant as anything, but let me tell you the story about one.

'Some years ago there was enumerated in a tariff bill certain articles that might be admitted free of duty. Among them were foreign fruit-plants. What would that mean?'

'Why, I suppose,' said Tom, 'plants that bear fruit.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Walker; 'but the clerk who copied the bill never had been taught accuracy, and, instead of copying the hyphen he changed it to a comma, making it read 'fruit, plants,' etc. It was a trifling error—not worth noticing, you would say—but before it could be remedied, the Government lost two million dollars, as all foreign 'fruits' had then to be admitted free of duty. Now, whenever you are inclined to be careless, I hope you will remember that two million dollar comma.'

Tom did not say much, but went upstairs thinking that if a little comma could make all that difference, it might be worth while to fuss over trifles after all.

Envy.

A glowworm sat in the grass;
As I passed through the wood I found it;
Bright as a diamond it shone,
With a halo of light around it.

A toad came up from the fen;
It was ugly in every feature;
Like a thief it crept to the worm,
And spat on the shining creature.

'What have I done,' said the worm,
'As I sat here in silence nightly?'
'Nothing,' replied the toad;
'But why did you shine so brightly?'

—Samuel W. Duffield.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

HOUSEHOLD.

Uses of Lime and Charcoal.

The heat and moisture of the summer months have a tendency to rust metals, mildew fabrics and cover all sorts of substances with mould. Fermentation and putrefaction develop rapidly in vegetable and animal substances if they are not carefully watched. Lime and charcoal are two aids toward keeping the house sweet and dry, and the housekeeper should, if possible, provide herself with both of these materials. A barrel of lime and charcoal in the cellar will tend to keep that part of the house dry and sweet. A bowl of lime in a closet will dry and sweeten it. A dish of charcoal in a closet or refrigerator will do much toward making these places sweet. The power of charcoal to absorb odors is much greater directly after it has been burned than when it has been exposed to the air for a length of time. Charcoal may be purified and used again and again by heating it to a red heat. The lime must be kept in a place where there is no chance of its getting wet, and is not exposed to air. —'The Catholic News.'

Glassware should be washed in hot soap suds and well rinsed in clear water, then wiped with a linen towel. In washing cut glass lay three or four thicknesses of towel on the bottom of the pan, which will make a soft support for the glass, and render it less liable to be broken than when it comes in contact with a hard substance. Use a brush to remove particles of dust from the deep cuttings. A little bluing added to the water in which the glass is rinsed will enhance the brilliancy of the crystal.—'The Pilgrim.'

The Ways of the Gas Stove.

If the flame of your gas stove burns white or yellow, or if the burners do not give out the amount of heat that they ought to, it is probably due to improper combustion and your burners may be partially stopped up with dirt or grease, says a writer in 'Good Housekeeping.' Besides using a brush directly on the burners, a good thing to do is to open the burner and apply a lighted match to the cock instead of at the top of the burner. This will burn out quickly all dust and grease that has lodged in the pipe between the burner and the shut-off. Gasoline is the best medium to use to clean a stove thoroughly, but it is only safe where there is no light or fire in the room. If the stove is very dirty it is worth while to take it out of the kitchen into the open air and there deluge it with gasoline, and rub with cloths till every vestige of grease is removed.

The oven of the gas stove is one of the most extravagant devices for using gas that was ever invented. For years I have given up using the oven altogether and substituted an oven on top of the stove. A good-sized oven, constructed on the best principles, can be selected at any hardware shop, and placed over one burner on the top of the stove. I have mine on the back corner farthest away from the kitchen table, but the choice of burners is not important, only it is not necessary to place the oven over the larger-sized burner that is often found on gas ranges. As the oven of the stove burns three or four times as much gas as the ordinary top burner, it can readily be seen that such an oven is a great saving. It will bake four loaves of bread, a roast of meat large enough for the usual family, and above all the saving on the back of the housekeeper is no small item. There is no stopping to look into the oven, and no special care is necessary in lighting the gas in it.

I never get a meal when my oven on top of the stove is not in use. If I have roast meat, I plan to bake a pudding or cake at the same time, and after the pudding is cooked potatoes can be baked in their skins, or pared and put in the pan with the meat. Canned vegetables can be heated in ten or twenty minutes by placing in an agate iron basin in the oven. Plates and dishes can be set to heat on the top, and the entire family dinner cooked from one burner.

Of course, for large turkeys, it is necessary to use the lower oven, or for braising or broiling, though I prefer, where the size of the steak will permit it, to grill it on the top of the stove. It can be done more quickly, and has a better flavor done in that way. Possibly it pays for the extra dirt on the top of the stove; but that is a matter of taste.

In cooking boiled meats and fresh vegetables, I use a steam cooker in which five different articles can be cooked at one time, and there is room on the top cover for heating of the dishes. Often where the flavor of the vegetable is not too strong, I cook it in a colander over the kettle where potatoes are boiling. Eternal vigilance should be the motto of those who wish to save gas.

How many housekeepers ever consider whether the burners used for illuminating gas are in proper condition to give the best light at the minmium cost? I did not for many years till a practical 'gas-man' gave me some good pointers. If the flame is blue, if it sputters or flares up, or is streaked, there is something wrong, and you are paying for gas that does not benefit you. A bit of thread or thin piece of metal run through the split top of a lava tip will remove incidental dust that has lodged there, but blue flame and blowing indicate a need for more extensive treatment. The blowing shows that the gas is being forced through the burner too rapidly, and this can be controlled by having the burner taken off, and a small one-foot lava tip placed inside the larger burner. This is called a check. It is wonderful how it affects the steadiness of the light. Have them placed in every burner in the house, and they will soon repay their cost in the saving on the bills.—Exchange.

Tear It Off.

It May Not Appear Again.

The page offer of prizes and profits is so placed that it can be torn off and used in canvassing for subscriptions if so desired. Even children can with it make a good canvas, as they can let it tell its own story. Young men or women wishing to pursue their studies will enter the competition eagerly and do well at it.

For Whimsical Appetites.

The appetite of sick persons is capricious and whimsical. No question as to preferences should ever be asked. Their tastes should be studied without their knowledge, and their preferences should furnish the working basis. Everything about the sick diet should be nice and dainty and attractive. The napkins used for the tray cannot be too crisp and fresh. The most delicate china and silver are not too good. No warmed over food should appear; everything should be fresh. Hot things should be hot and cold things cold. This is very important. Always have too little food, rather than too much. Better to have the patient say, 'See, I've eaten it all!' than 'I couldn't eat it all: my appetite is so poor.' The moment the meal is finished all food should be taken from the room.

Gruels that are properly made, delicately flavored and well served are valuable for the sick, especially where the appetite is nil or solid foods proscribed. But such gruels are too seldom seen. In their place one finds too often sloppy, tepid and even lumpy concoctions miscalled 'gruel.' In the first place, milk or milk mixtures for the sick—and for any one else, for that matter—should never be heated in any dish or basin which has been used to cook vegetables or meats. A double boiler is the best utensil for the purpose. It should be absolutely clean and odorless. Gruels are made of flour—arrowroot, farina and other flours. Since these materials are composed chiefly of starch, they must be cooked thoroughly, in order to be digestible. Milk, on the other hand, is rendered indigestible by boiling. Consequently, the cooking of the flours should be done in water, and the milk should be added the last thing, and only brought to a scalding point.

'To make flour gruel mix into a paste with cold water one tablespoonful of flour, one saltspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of sugar. Add a half square of cinnamon and a cupful of boiling water. Boil the mixture slowly for twenty minutes. Then stir in a cupful of milk and let it come to the scalding point. Strain and serve very hot.

'In place of cinnamon, nutmeg, almond or vanila flavors may be used. For a fever patient a little lemon juice will be liked best. Arrowroot and farina gruels are made in the same way.

Sweetbreads, broiled filets of chicken and squabs all furnish variety to the sick-room's bill of fare. All are easy of digestion and more or less nutritious.

Raw beef sandwiches have been eaten with relish by many a sick person, who if he or she had understood their composition would have refused it. If beef is desirable scrape it, salt it delicately, spread it on thin slices of buttered brown or white bread or toast. Delicious sandwiches may be made of bacon cut very thin and toasted very crisp. With brown bread these furnish valuable food agents.

Toast made of stale bread is more easy of digestion than if made of the fresh kind. If it is wanted soft, dip it quickly into boiling salted water before it is buttered.

'Uncooked beef juice is never delicious, but in many wasting diseases it is of great value. Of consumption this is especially true. A flavor of cooking may be gained by heating the beef before the juice is extracted from it, either on a broiler or in a hot frying pan. Only the outer surface should be scorched. The inside should be warmed only enough to start the juices.—'New York Tribune.'

He Left the Farm.

He went wrong, did he? That strong, well-meaning boy who worked so hard and patiently with you through so many discouraging though sometimes pleasant years? He would not stay by the land—anything, anything, but that. 'Yes, yes,' you answer, 'I did all I could to keep him on the old farm and to make him love the country more.' Did you? Were the chores made just as few as possible, and the work planned so that rainy days and Sundays were resting places, instead of times to be dreaded? Was now and then a day found for all hands to go fishing? Was there a week or two set apart every summer for a genuine outing to some lake, stream or forest, where all that is wild and beautiful in nature could be felt and seen, and the tired brain and muscles relaxed and strengthened for the coming work?

Did you see to it that the best boys of the neighborhood were made welcome at your home, now and then, on long winter evenings, and that a few of the best and latest books and magazines were there to interest and please them? Were only kind words spoken in that now deserted home, and did you teach them from the start and live what you taught, that the farm house is the grandest, the most independent one on earth and can be made the most beautiful one? That farming is a profession of professions—one

requiring the very brightest and best of our boys, one to be mastered and one to be proud of? Did you do all this, and still the boy would not stay on the farm?—'Dakota Farmer.'

What a Housewife Wants to Know.

Old stockings cut down the seam make excellent clothes for polishing furniture and for floors, as well as soft iron-holders.

Gasoline put on stains on a white silk waist, followed by as much lump magnesia as the gasoline will take up, well rubbed in, will generally remove the stains.

When grease is spilled on the kitchen table or floor pour cold water on it at once to prevent its soaking into the wood. It will very quickly harden and can then be lifted with a knife.

To remove soot from a carpet, sprinkle plenty of fine salt over it and sweep along the grain of the carpet. Repeat until every trace of the soot is removed.

In making down pillows go over the wrong side of the case with an iron rubbed well with beeswax each time it is applied to the cloth to prevent the down's working through the cloth.

Flat irons should be washed every week and always kept in a clean dry place. Few housekeepers use sufficient wax in ironing. Do not allow your irons to become red hot, as they will never again retain the heat.

When winds blow and there is frost in the air, put handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs and all small articles in the wash to dry in a pillow case. The fabric is spared whipping by the wind, they will freeze dry and be quickly gathered for ironing.

Buy a strip of asbestos cloth at the hardware store and use small squares to interline your iron-holders. Keep a good-sized piece fastened to your ironing-board to save the sheet, and lay a square under the table pad where the meat platter rests.

Do not try to sweep an invalid's room, but wring a clean cloth out of the cold water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, and carefully wipe the carpet, matting or floor, turning and rinsing the cloth and changing the water as it gets dirty.

Cheese-cloth or silkoline make good dusters, and window or box draperies that are no longer fresh and attractive should be cut into squares and neatly hemmed for the purpose. There should be a sufficient number on hand that they may be washed as regularly as the face towels, as they last longer and give more satisfactory service with frequent washings.

Teach the boys as well as the girls the proper way to put the bedclothes to air over two chairs in the morning, and also occasionally give the boys a lesson in simple cooking by having them help prepare breakfast. The lad who can make a good cup of coffee, broil a steak and serve them will lose nothing of manliness, but may find the knowledge useful in after life.—Katherine Kay, in the 'Pilgrim.'

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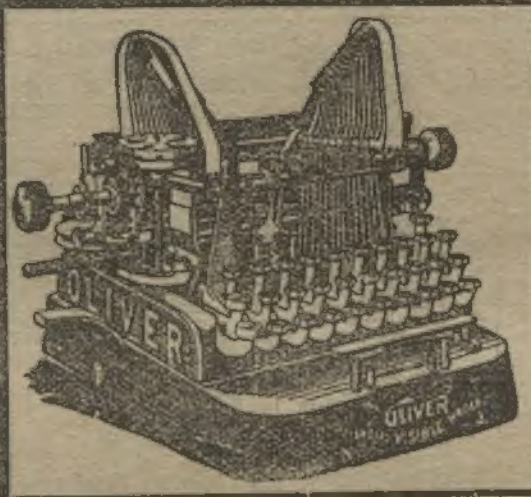

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Cinderella is the **new wonder blonde doll,** with bisque head, curly hair, lace-trimmed dress, hat, ribbon sash, etc.

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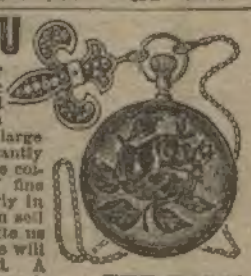

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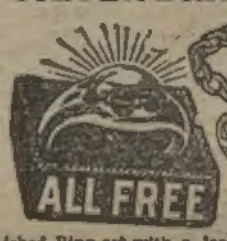
OPAL RING AND SILVER BRACELET Free



Send name and address to-day and we will mail you postpaid ten beautiful Turnover Collars, handsomely made of fine lace and lawn. They sell in all stores for 15c. You sell them for only 15c, return us the money and for your trouble we will give you a handsome Gold Finished Ring set with a large magnificent Fire Opal, also a Sterling Silver composition curb chain Bracelet, elegantly engraved, with lock and key. Remember, we give **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only ten of our beautiful Collars. Could anything be easier? Write to-day. **The Home Art Co., Dept. 401 Toronto.**

BRACELET WATCH FREE

Girls and ladies, we will give you a beautiful little Watch with decorated dial, dainty Gold hands, handsome Solid Silver nickel case, and reliable imported movement, in an elegant watch bracelet, the very latest style, if you will sell only 20 of our beautiful Turnover Collars, handsomely made of fine lace and lawn. They sell in all stores for 25c. You sell them for only 15c., return us the money, and we will immediately send you the Watch and Bracelet as described. Write at once and we will mail the collars postpaid. We know you will be delighted with the two beautiful presents. **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 497, TORONTO**

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'